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ARGUE LIABILITY FOR COLLEGE TWP. BRIDGES

Important Test Case Submitted Before Judge Quigley.

TO APPEAL EITHER WAY

Question Involved in Case is Whether State or County Must Maintain Certain Bridges Taken Over by Commonwealth

For several years or more there have been two bridges on the State Road between Lemont and State College that have been practically condemned. In fact, they are in such condition as to cause trouble almost any time, and then there will be a bill of damages for somebody to pay. The reason new ones have not taken their places is that there seemed to be a legal question as to who should do the work. The State took over the pike but the Commonwealth claimed that it was the business of the county to take care of the bridges.

Tuesday morning a mandamus hearing took place in the court room before Judge Quigley in which W. H. Keller, Esq., of Lancaster, Deputy Attorney General of Pennsylvania, was here and ably represented the Commonwealth's side of the case. He is a brother of Harry Keller, of this place, and a young man of wonderful legal tact and ability. He is a fluent speaker and his argument was listened to with considerable interest because he was a Bellefonte boy, who by energy and perseverance has become one of the leading attorneys of the state. His contention was that under the Sproul road act the State in taking over the roads eliminate the bridges. Or in other words the State was not compelled to build or maintain anything except the road bed.

On the other hand the county and township was represented by N. S. Spangler, solicitor for the county commissioners, and Hon. E. L. Orvis the township. Their side of the argument was that under the Sproul road act when the State took over a road the law was that they took bridges and all and therefore they were liable for any damage that might occur. The bridges between Lemont and the College belonged to the State and they should be rebuilt by the State. Both Spangler and Orvis made strong arguments in defense of their side of the question

Witmer—Matthias.

Russell Witmer, of Bellefonte, stole a march on his friends by going and taking unto himself a wife in the person of Miss Augusta Matthias, of Harrisburg. The happy event was solemnized in Hagerstown, Md., on Monday. After the knot was tied Mr. Witmer brought his bride to Bellefonte in the evening of the same day. The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Witmer, of Reynolds avenue, and a progressive young man. He is employed by Archibald Allison the plumber. The bride is a charming young lady and well fitted to take upon herself new cares and responsibilities.

Mallory—Howley.

Wednesday of last week Paul Mallory and Miss Catherine Howley, of Bellefonte, were united in marriage at Cumberland, Md. The happy young couple are so well known in Bellefonte that any special comment is unnecessary. The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. George Mallory and is employed with his father in blacksmithing. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Howley, and a very pleasing young lady. They are both young and their friends wish for them a long, happy and useful life.

Marriage Licenses.

Register Frank Sasserman has issued the following marriage licenses.

John Lichvar, Susan C. Prusnak,	Philipsburg "
Andrew H. Melville, Edith C. Harlacher,	Madison, Wis Stormstown
Ross Robt. Dickey, Beulah C. Johnson,	State College "
Leon Singleton Montieth, Cornelia Resides,	Unionville "
Rev. Wm. H. Brown, Harriet R. Heller,	Millheim Loganton
H. Ray Wilson, Myra P. Yeager,	Elwood City State College

More Men Needed.

Captain H. Laird Curtin, of Troop L, of Bellefonte, lacks twenty men to bring it to the full quota. Those who desire to help make this list up are requested to go to the armory any day or Tuesday and Friday evenings.

COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS

Passed Pruner Orphanage Ordinance Over Mayor Blanchard's Veto.

Monday evening Charles Lockington appeared before the Bellefonte Council and requested that he be given a grade for a pavement in front of his three properties on east Logan street. Referred to the Street Committee. Clement Dale was present to see whether some thing could be done to keep the water on Linn street from flooding his sidewalk on Allegheny street and running into his cellar. Referred to the Street Committee. Burgess Blanchard stated that permission had been received from the County Commissioners to place the new electric fire alarm on the top of the jail and it would be tried out on Tuesday, C. A. Stiles, of Scranton, being in town to connect it up; also that the automobile signals, to be placed in the diamond, would be erected soon. Chairman Harris reported repairing several streets with ashes, oiling east Linn street and several sewers attended to. The people residing on Logan street objected to repairing the street with ashes but Mr. Harris claimed that when the ashes were beaten down the street would be just as good as though limestone had been used.

James Selbert, chairman of the Water Committee, reported that the water duplicate for 1917 was ready and amounted to $8398.25. He said he had in his possession several checks for the payment of water rents but he did not know who to give them to. Dr. Brockerhoff, chairman of the Finance Committee, asked for a renewal of a note of $3000 and the interest of $75 paid. It was carried. An additional $37 on premium of compensation insurance was also authorized. Chairman Harry Flack, of the Fire and Police Committee, reported receiving a check of $40 from Mayor Blanchard for automobile licenses and fines collected. He also reported favorably on increasing the policemen's salary from $60 to $65 per month. The reason assigned was the high cost of living. It was carried, the only dissenting vote being that of W. A. Lyon.

Clerk William T. Kelly stated that he had offered to pay Supt. Thompson and his clerk Earl Musser the bill for lighting the streets for last month, deducting from the bill the time nine lamps were out. He stated he was unable to make a settlement on that basis. The managers of the State-Centre Electric Light Co., gave him to understand that any lights that were out would have received prompt attention if a report had been made to them, but that it was not their place to go over the town each night to see whether all the lights were on. The agreement between the Council and the company was then read and Solicitor Mitchell decided that a reduction on all lamps not burning was what the agreement called for. The difference is about $5. It was referred to the Special Committee.

At this point Clerk Kelly read a paper from Mayor Blanchard in which he vetoed the ordinance for Council to sell the property in Tyrone and the rest that belonged to the E. J. Pruner orphanage. Among the many reasons assigned for this action was that the managers of the orphanage could secure $22000 for the property instead of $18000 as offered by the government; that with several hundred dollars the property could be placed in proper repair and the rents increased to $3000; that under the will of the testator the property could not be sold. A vote was taken which resulted in 6 for and 3 against. As it stands now the proposition must be threshed out in Court. Bills to the amount of $437 were ordered paid.

Orvis Ewing Injured.

Orvis Ewing, twenty-five years of age, came within an ace of losing his life Tuesday evening about 5 o'clock. He is a resident of Lemont and was engaged in painting a galvanized roof on the house of James Fleck when his hold slipped and he fell a distance of twenty-five feet to the ground. Three ribs on the right side and his collar bone were broken. He received medical attention from Dr. G. C. Glenn, of State College who ordered him taken to the Bellefonte hospital. He was brought here by Irvin Dreese. He is getting along as well as can be expected and there is hardly any doubt about his recovery.

Flag Raising.

A flag raising, under the auspices of Washington camp, No. 357, P. O. S. of A. of Woodward, in connection with annual memorial services of the order, was held at Woodward on Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Judge Albert W. Johnson, of Lewisburg, delivered the address. After decorating the graves of departed members of the patriotic order, the ceremonies incident to flying to the breeze a large and handsome flag.

PROF. MAHONEY TALKS TO HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATES

Philadelphia Educator Delivers Interesting Address.

PRIZES ARE AWARDED

Students Receive Purses of Gold for Excellence in Various Lines—Commencement Exercises Largely Attended by Citizens.

Friday evening a large and appreciative audience gathered in the auditorium of the Bellefonte High school to witness the exercises connected with the graduation of the class of 1917. It offered an unusual opportunity for the people of the town and vicinity to see and hear what good work this public institution is doing under the careful supervision of Jonas E. Wagner, the worthy superintendent, and his co-laborers. The High school orchestra, organized under the earnest and faithful direction of Prof. Eugene Weik, rendered inspiring music for the occasion.

Following the invocation by Rev. M. DePui Maynard, the Episcopal rector, Prof. John Dennis Mahony, instructor of the West Phila. High school, was introduced as the speaker of the evening. Prof. Mahony is a model specimen of a self-made man, possessing that magnitism that draws people to him. His pleasing personality has an inspiring effect upon his audience. He has a distinctive way of putting things that is designed to help those who are struggling for an education. His object in the address of the evening was to pave the way for community improvement in every walk of life. He threw out the thought that every successful man depends on his own resources. It was a masterly discourse and greatly appreciated by his audience.

At the conclusion of the address Dr. Locke, president of the school board, presented the diplomas to the twenty-six graduates present—the other five being young men who had enlisted in the U. S. service, and whose absence was appropriately recognized by five empty chairs draped in the National colors. Their diplomas were delivered to relatives who accepted them in their behalf.

After this pleasant duty the president of the board then announced the winners of the prizes for the 1916—1917 school term as follows:

General Excellence—Given by Col. Reynolds; $10, given to John F. Smith, Jr.

Mathematical—Given by Harry Keller; $10, given to William Malone.

Biographical Essay—Given by Mrs. M. E. Brouse; $10, given to Regina Brandman.

Junior Declamatory—Given by Col. Reynolds; $7.50, given to Clarence Smeltzer.

Junior Declamatory—Given by Col. Reynolds; $7.50, to Mary Taylor.

W. C. T. U.—Given by the W. C. T. U.; $5, to Caroline McClure.

W. C. T. U.—Given by the W. C. T. U.; $5, to Nevin Noll.

General Courtesy—Given by Geo. R. Meek; $5, to Mary Taylor.

Bookkeeping—Given by Geo. R. Meek; $5, to Martha Haines.

Personal Hygiene—Given by Dr. John M. Keichline; $5, to Pearl Bowen.

Business Efficiency—Given by Wm. P. Humes; $5, to Ora Cronister.

Business Efficiency—Given by Wm. P. Humes; $5, to Malcolm Wetzler.

Household Arts—Given by Mrs. John S. Walker; $5, to Freda Edmiston.

Also fifteen 50 cent prizes given by the Woman's Club to the girls in the seventh and eighth grade sewing class.

The practical side of life is also being developed in the schools. That is, the young girls are being taught to sew, bake and prepare a meal, after they complete the domestic course in the High School they have the rudiments of housekeeping which is very essential to success in after life. Then comes the manual training which prepares young men for the active duties of life. Some of the work done there in the furniture line shows that the students have been taking an interest in the work and have been receiving instruction from those competent to teach. It demonstrates that the schools are turning out boys and girls who have some knowledge of realities of life.

Korman Reunion.

A reunion of the Korman families will be held on the grange park at Centre Hall on Saturday, June 23. All the friends of the families are invited and urged to attend.

DR. R. G. H. HAYES CALLED BY DEATH MESSENGER

Prominent Physician Expired Early Wednesday Morning.

INTERMENT ON FRIDAY

Illness Extended Over Period of Several Years—Deceased was Well Known and Highly Esteemed Throughout Centre County.

Another of Bellefonte's prominent and highly esteemed citizens has passed to that borne from which no traveler has returned, in the person of Dr. Robert Goodloe Harper Hayes. The silent messenger of death came Wednesday morning at 2.40 o'clock at the family residence on North Allegheny street. His death was due to a complication of diseases. About one year ago he suffered a general breakdown in health which was partially attributed to over-work. The deceased was the true type of manhood, possessing a generous nature, always and ever faithful to each and every obligation, both in his home and in his large practice of medicine. Such a sturdy citizen is always an asset to the community in which he resides. His death therefore is sadly regretted.

The deceased was the son of John and Mary Barber Hayes and on November 12th 1859, was born near Mifflinburg, Union county. When a young man he chose for his life work the practice of medicine. To fit himself for his chosen profession he took a course at the Philadelphia School of Pharmacy which was followed by a course at Jefferson Medical College where he graduated with honor in 1884. In 1885 he came to Bellefonte and became a partner of his uncle, the late Dr. Thomas R. Hayes. The partnership continued for about one year when the elderly Dr. Hayes retired, leaving the practice entirely with the junior member of the firm. The deceased afterward took a special course in surgery and was recognized as being very skillful in that line of his profession. From the time the Bellefonte hospital had its inception he took a great interest in surgery and always maintained a deep interest in the progress of the local institution. He belonged to the Sons of American Revolution, the Centre County and Pennsylvania Medical Societies, the West Branch Medical Society and the American Medical Society. He took special interest in the county society and did much to make the meetings interesting and profitable.

He was a member of the Presbyterian church and about seven years ago was chosen an elder. He lived a christian life and did good work in directing men toward a better life. He was also prominent in the Masonic Lodge and took a deep interest in the work. He also took an interest in military affairs and during the existence of the 5th Reg., N. G. P., he belonged to Company B, of Bellefonte and was appointed Regimental Surgeon with the rank of Major. After the regiment was abandoned the deceased retired from active military service.

On August 3d, 1887 the deceased was married to Miss Sallie Hoffer, of Bellefonte, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Hoffer, who survives him with the following children: Edmund Hayes, Rockford, Ill., Ellen, John and Thomas at home. He is also survived by two sisters; Mrs. Margaret Orwig, of Harrisburg, and Mrs. Paul N. Reish, of Mifflinburg. The funeral will be held Friday morning at 10 o'clock from his home, Dr. W. K. McKinney officiating. Interment in Union cemetery.

A Good Man for a Town.

Joseph Hettinger, a citizen of Boalsburg, who is over 80 years of age, with his grandson, Joseph Shutt, passed through Bellefonte Monday afternoon on their way to Boalsburg. They had been in Allentown at the dedication of the soldiers' monument in memory of the First Defenders of which Mr. Hettinger was a member. Col. H. C. Trexler, a philanthropist of that city, paid all expenses of the monument, even to paying the car fare of the old members who reside throughout the country. Col. Trexler is quartermaster general of the state and on Monday evening at a dinner, $33,700 was raised in ten minutes in Allentown for the Red Cross and Mr. Trexler gave 10 per cent. of the amount.

Troop L. Benefit Dance.

A dance will be given Friday evening, June 29th, in the Armory under the auspices of the Red Cross for the benefit of Troop L. Admission tickets 25c. Dance tickets will be sold at 75c per person. Wright's orchestra, from Columbus, Ohio, will furnish the music.

GUARANTORS OF CHAUTAUQUA.

Hold Important Meeting—Special Ticket this Year for Country Patrons.

On Friday, June 15th, the guarantors met and decided matters of importance for this year's Bellefonte Chautauqua. The conditions specified in the contract were reaffirmed and it was emphasized that there is to be no distribution of unsold tickets. Everyone desirous of buying a season ticket must purchase it before the opening of Chautauqua, July 25th. The guarantors are anxious to sell every season ticket and ask the co-operation of the citizens of Bellefonte. However, in the event of any tickets remaining unsold they will be destroyed and the amount necessary to complete the guarantee will be made up equally by the local guarantors.

A special privilege has been secured for out-of-town people this year in the shape of a package ticket. This is good only for those patrons who live beyond the three mile limit from Bellefonte, and for the sum of $2.50 entitles them to ten single admissions, to be used according to the desire of the purchaser. For example, ten (10) people can come to one program, five to two numbers, two to five, and so on. This is a particular favor to those who live so far that they cannot enjoy the benefit of a season ticket. Those who have come from a distance in the past years will appreciate the value of this concession. A single admission in the evening is regularly 50 and 75 cents.

Buy your ticket early and help the local guarantors raise their guarantee. Believing our people can appreciate the best that can be obtained in the line of lectures, music and wholesome entertainment, the guarantors annually undertake this burden in behalf of community's welfare and uplift.

The following are the guarantors for Bellefonte Chautauqua, 1917 :

R. M. Beach
John Blanchard
Mary Miles Blanchard
Rebecca Naomi Rhoads
James H. Potter
Ellis L. Orvis
J. Linn Harris
Mrs. Chas. C. Keichline
James O. Brewer
James K. Barnhart
Elizabeth B. Beach
Mary H. Linn
Ellen Gregg Gray
Mrs. R. S. Brouse
Arthur H. Sloop
John M. Bullock
H. C. Yeager
Weaver Brothers
Herbert Gray
D. R. Washburn
J. C. Helfrich
H. S. Taylor
S. B. Miller
Luther L. Smith
J. P. Harbold
Walter Cohen
D. S. Potter
A. G. Morris
C. C. Shuey
R. G. H. Hayes
T. Hugh McLeod
Ambrose M. Schmidt
Mrs. H. M. Hilller
Elizabeth D. Green
Mary Bradley
G.O . Gray
M. R. Johnson
Henry F. Whiting
W. L. Daggett
George R. Parker
J. R. Hughes
Mrs. Chas. R. Kurtz
Earl S. Orr
T. H. Harter
E. Jayne Aikens
R. R. Blair
George R. Meek
Frank M. Crawford
J. K. Johnston
J. J. Kilpatrick
David Chambers
W. J. Emerick
John P. Harris
A. L. McGinley
Edward J. Gehret
Charles F. Cook
J. S. McCargar
H. N. Meyer
Jennie R. Hastings

Tearing up the Railroad.

The last vestige of the iron industry of Bellefonte is disappearing this week. Harry Ableson, of Altoona, is busy taking up the track of what is known as the Nittany Valley railroad. It was a link of about three miles that connected the Central Railroad of Pennsylvania with the Nittany Furnace, which was once one of our largest industries, and if it had been left standing a year longer the place would be booming today. However, the rails are being taken up on this piece of railroad which means there will be nothing doing at that place for probably years to come.

EIGHTEEN NATURALIZED IN COURT ON MONDAY

Complied with Requirements for Their Final Papers.

ONE CASE HELD OVER

Another Application Stricken from List and New Proceedings must be Instituted Owing to Technical Defects in Papers.

Eighteen natives of foreign lands who had complied with all the requirements for naturalization were on Tuesday formally accepted in court as citizens of the United States. The application of another was laid aside temporarily owing to technical points, while that of still another was stricken from the list because of technicalities requiring that he begin proceedings all over again.

The eighteen accepted into citizenship were Neal McIntyre Fleming, a Canadian, residing at State College; Albert A. Hansen, of Denmark, residing at State College; Vincent Bolden and Steve Knapik, Austrians, Steve Warrick and Frank Dimeo, Italians, and Hugh MacLeod, Canadian, residing at Bellefonte; Victor Ziff, a Russian, of Philipsburg; Frank Shooster, Hungarian, of Munson; Stephen Sicks, a Slavonian, of South Philipsburg; Rudolph Piotrowski, a German, and George Stevenisha, Hungarian, residing at Cassanova; Joseph Drapcho, Emro Drapcho, Steve Zimmerman, John Surovec, Steve Berento, Austrians, and Andy Kollar, Hungarian, all residing at Clarence.

The application of Hyman Steinberg, of Pleasant Gap, a Russian, was held over owing to the absence of a witness. That of Frank Skioten was dropped in order that he may file new papers. The application of George J. Gregory, of Bellefonte, a Greek, was withdrawn some time ago.

A Handsome Home.

Bellefonte can add another to the seven wonders of the world, or come mighty near doing it. At Axe Mann, there was an old delapidated building that for almost one hundred years had housed the famous Mann family, who at one day were among the business people of this community. The axe factory at that place used to be one of the community's assets but like almost all others it has gone into oblivion. The house in question a few years ago came in possession of the late Daniel Garman heirs who have transformed it into one of the most beautiful homes to be found in the county and it is now being used as a summer resort or club house for the family. We cannot go into details but those who pass that way are struck with the beautiful transformation. The interior has hard wood floors and the ceilings are of the latest pattern. There are several bath rooms which are furnished in the most up-to-date and modern style. The house has all modern conveniences and is certainly a delightful place to go for recreation.

Among the visitors there Sunday were Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Garman, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Garman and family, of Tyrone. In a short time "Dick" Garman and his family, of Philadelphia, expect to occupy the mansion. It is an ideal place for the Garman families to come and keep up their association of their old-home town.

A Great Show.

Thurday evening the Bellefonte Academy minstrels was repeated in Garman's opera house, the proceeds to go toward helping purchase an automobile truck for Troop L. James R. Hughes, headmaster of this famous institution, is to be highly complimented. It is said that the efforts on the occasion surpassed those of the first night from the fact that several new and novel features were introduced. Among them was a whistling stunt by Mr. O'Day, of Scranton, a former student of the Academy, who just dropped into town that day to see how the boys were getting along. Another feature was the camping of Troop L, on the stage. The masterpiece came at the close when Sergeant Harry Shreffler appeared on the stage mounted upon a horse and in his hand held the American flag. Around him was grouped the troop which made a beautiful picture.

Red Cross Meeting.

A meeting of the Red Cross is called for Friday evening, at 8 p. m., in the Court House for the purpose of electing the permanent officers for the Bellefonte Branch of the Centre County Chapter.

JOHN BLANCHARD,
Chairman.

WHY THE WAR?

President Wilson Warns the Nation of the German Menace.

America's reasons for sending her flag against the fire of the enemy across the sea and the purpose she seeks to serve were stated anew by President Wilson last Thursday in a flag day address beneath the Washington monument at Washington, D. C.

Germany's military masters denied the United States the right to be neutral, the President said, and by extraordinary insults and aggressions "left us no self-respecting choice but to take up arms in defense of our rights as a free people and of our honor as a sovereign government." He recalled how the imperial government had forbade Americans the use of the high seas and time and again executed its threat to send them to their death; how it filled this unsuspecting country with spies and conspirators and sought by violence to destroy industries and arrest commerce and finally how the Berlin foreign office tried to incite Mexico and Japan into a hostile alliance.

"What great nation," he asked, "in such circumstances, would not have taken up arms?"

Now that America has been forced to war, declared the President, she bids her young men go forth to fight on fields of blood far away for the same old familiar, heroic purpose for which it has seen its men die on every battlefield upon which Americans have borne arms since the revolution democracy. A sinister power, he said, which has the German people themselves in its grip, "now at last has stretched forth its ugly talons and drawn blood from us.

"The whole world is at war," he added, "because the whole world is in the grip of that power and is trying out the great battle which shall determine whether it is to be brought under its mastery or fling itself free."

In giving warning that the Germans actually have carried into execution their plan to throw a broad belt of military power across the centre of Europe and into the heart of Asia, rejecting the idea of solidarity of races and the choices of peoples, Mr. Wilson spoke of the new intrigue for peace now appearing in many guises at the behest of the Berlin government.

"It cannot go further; it dare not go back," he said. It wishes to close its bargain before it is too late and it has little left to offer for the pound of flesh it will demand."

Several hours before the President spoke Washington had been drenched with rain and pelted with hail. All through the speech rain came down softly, and a secret service man held an umbrella over the President's head while hundreds of umbrellas hid the faces of most of the hearers. In spite of the unfavorable conditions the crowd was large and applauded vigorously.

To Drill for Oil and Gas.

For many years the people of Philipsburg were of the belief that if the proper tests were made both oil and gas would be found in that locality. In pursuance of this belief the following local capitalists have organized a company: Charles B. Maxwell, J. Edward Horn, L. Baron Smith, T. J. Lee, H. W. Boulton, W. F. Holt, Joseph Knapper.

Over $15,000 was subscribed at the initial meeting, which sum will be very materially augmented. This money will be paid over in actual cash before any development work is begun. It is the purpose of the company to put down two test holes, in close proximity to Philipsburg, the contract for which will be given to thoroughly reliable parties so that no superficial drilling may be done. It is determined that a real, genuine test shall be made. The men back of the movement constitute the financial backbone of the community, and are the town's most progressive citizens. Let us hope the fondest anticipations of all interested in the project may be realized.

U. S. Wants Men.

The United States Government is urgently in need of men at its several Navy Yards and to this end the local secretary at the Bellefonte post office will furnish applications for these positions to any who apply. Persons found qualified by the Civil Service Commission and employed by it will have their transportation borne by government upon signing an agreement to serve at least six months, or if they do not sign such an agreement they will have their fare refunded after completing six months service. Applicants should not report at a Navy Yard for employment until so directed by the Commission. These various positions include boatbuilders, anglesmiths, galvanizers, sheet metal workers, calkers and chippers, coppersmiths, drillers, hammer runners, ordnance men, pipecoverers, riggers, moulders, brass machinists and carpenters.

The Big Push.

The King of Greece has abdicated and they are saying that Uncle Sam's entrance into the war pushed him off his throne. Of course our Uncle might have been indirectly contributary to the abdication because he is the real big push in world affairs now and he is crowding into the war with such a determination that a little bit of the overflow might have upset Constantine.

Read "The Republican." $1.50 a year.

Epworth League Convention.

The annual district Epworth League convention of the Methodist church was held in Altoona. It was largely attended and the following are some of the echos :

Claire McDonald, of State College, taking the place of J. Horner, secretary of the State College Y. M. C. A. explain. the Pocket Testament League. We subscribe of our funds to the seven billion dollar war loan, by liberty bonds, to give more power to our fighting force. The Testament league gives power to the spiritual life. In State College, 1.140 students joined the league, while over 1,500 testaments were given out in a student body of 2,200. Some of the students at first were fearful of breaking the pledge to read a chapter a day. Instances of how these obstacles were overcome were given, and the pledge fully signed.

Miss Grayce A. Vallimont, of Bellefonte, discussed the question of "Enlarging the Meaning of the Third Department," beginning with a resume of social service work that came under her observation last year in Chicago. Manual training for boys, housewerk for girls was conducted in a certain settlement house there, without any stress being laid on the development of the religious life. There was even no Bible study. Social service means more than trans formed community life. It means eventual salvation to the lost. Miss Vallimont's talk was filled with personal experiences in uplift work.

The report of the nominating committee was read by Miss Francis Isenburg, Osceola Mills, and adopted, and officers elected as follows: Ex-officio, the Altoona district superintendent; president, Rev. J. W. Long, State College; vice presidents—first, A. C. Mackie, Altoona; second, Miss Bessie Gephart, Altoona; third, Miss G. A. Vallimont, Bellefonte; fourth, Mrs. R. G. Prosser, Altoona; corresponding secretary, Miss May E. Shively, Curwensville; recording secretary, Miss Helen Houck, Philipsburg; treasurer, May Powell, Clearfield; Junior superintendent, Miss Pruella Moore, Osceola Mills.

Advisory committee of Altoona district superintendent; Rev. C. A. Peters, Patton; C. C. Shuey, Bellefonte; Rev. G. A. Williams, Osceola Mills; and the pastor of the convention church, for next year.

As a place of next year's convention, Bellefonte chapter offered a unanimous invitation which was accepted by the convention.

C. C. Shuey at this point presented a report and received contributions to the Bishop Eveland memorial fund, to support a missionary in the Philippines.

Feeble in His 82nd Year.

Andrew Carnegie, who before the United States entry into the war was perhaps the wold's foremost peace advocate, has been so touched by the changes in Scotland that he has decided to give up Skibo Castle at Dumfern, Scotland, as a summer home. Instead he will spend this summer at Lenox, Mass.

It was announced that he nor any member of his family probably would ever again visit Skibo Castle because of changes, physical and sentimental, caused by the war.

Mr. Carnegie is feeble and a semi-invalid, and he has been under the care of two nurses for some time, but this condition, it is said, has resulted from the grip and a threatened pneumonia attack of more than a year ago. His somewhat secluded life and withdrawal from all public activities have given rise to frequent statements concerning his health. Mr. Carnegie is in his eighty-second year.

Since his retirement he has been compelled to limit the number of his daily visitors, and he now meets and talks with only a few of his oldest and best friends.

War May Last for Years.

Last week Vance C. McCormick was in Bellefonte as a guest of Mrs. D. H. Hastings. Recently he addressed the conference of the Pennsylvania Red Cross which met in Harrisburg It was his opinion that it would be years before the war will come to a close.

McCormick, who is the Democratic National Chairman, is also a member of the National Red Cross Finance Committee, is a close friend of the President, and was in Washington at the time the French and British Commissioners were there.

"I am violating no confidence when I tell you that the French visitors themselves stated that France and Britain are about at the end of their supply of men. They need men. They need them now. They are looking to America for aid.

"The visitors said also that up to that time the Anglo-French drive had been a failure and had yielded only about 30,000 prisoners instead of the reported 300,000.

"Our own government is preparing for a struggle of years in length. We, as individuals, must do likewise."

Observe Half Holiday.

The merchants of Tyrone have signed a petition to close their stores at noon on all Thursdays, beginning June 21st, continuing during June, July and August, except when such Thursdays fall on Tyrone division pay days, when the half holiday will be observed on the preceding day. The closing of stores is in harmony with President Wilson's proclamation and in consideration of the petition of the employes. This same movement is being carried out in most every town and city in the State.

ADJOURNMENT IS CLOSE AT HAND

Resolution Fixing June 28 as Final Day Passed.

SOME LAST HOUR LEGISLATION

Prohibition Amendment to Constitution Suddenly Reported Out—Would Absolutely Prohibit Sale or Manufacture of Liquors—Bounty Bill Goes Through Over Governor's Veto and at His Suggestion.

Harrisburg, Pa., June 19.—If the legislature runs according to schedule it will close finally on Thursday, June 28. The house resolution fixing June 14 as adjournment day was reported out of senate committee last week in amended form, the change advancing the date just two weeks.

There is a possibility of the leaders reconsidering their action regarding adjournment if the direct inheritance tax bill is vetoed by the governor. For such action would mean the cutting off entirely of new revenue and the resultant necessity of slashing hospitals, schools and other deserving appropriations. Rather than permit this calamity the legislature may decide to continue in session longer for the purpose of seeking new revenue raisers.

It begins to look as though the session of 1917 will go down into legislative history as the first assembly in Pennsylvania to pass a resolution to amend the constitution for state-wide prohibition. That this action should be decided upon during the closing days and after the "dry" forces throughout the state have given up the battle is all the more remarkable.

The house committee on constitutional reform reported with a unanimous vote the Smith resolution to submit to the people the question of adopting a statutory provision against the manufacture and sale of intoxicants. If the resolution passes this session, it will be submitted to the 1919 session before it could go before the voters of the state.

HON. EDGAR R. SMITH.
Youngest Member of Legislature and Author of Some Important Bills.

The significant part of the program is the attitude of certain leaders. They are ready and willing to put the Republican party as squarely in favor of submitting to the people any question for which there is popular demand to be settled by the electorate. Progressive anti-liquor legislation of the character embodied in the Smith resolution would please a good many persons in Pennsylvania, and if the resolution is not speedily adopted before the close of the present session it will be because many of the leaders have changed their minds.

The Smith resolution, to be submitted, would prohibit the manufacture, sale or keeping for sale of vinous spiritous, malt or brewed liquors after July 1 of the year in which the amendment is made to the constitution. The legislature of 1921 would enact the necessary prohibitary legislation.

Edgar R. Smith, author of the prohibition resolution, represents Bedford county and is Pennsylvania's youngest legislators. He is not yet twenty-eight. Another of his bills which attracted attention was directed at cabarets.

Last Wednesday the legislature wiped out a veto of the governor and a bill that had been disapproved by the chief executive was placed upon the statute books notwithstanding the veto. To make the occasion more interesting, the action by the legislature in overriding the veto was taken with the advise and at the request of the governor. It was the first time in thirty years that a bill was put through over the governor's veto.

The case was the Mitchell bounty bill which the governor vetoed last week. His veto message was a caustic commentary upon the practice in some counties of permitting and allowing fraudulent claims for the payment of bounties, and suggesting that if such claims are investigated, and a bill is presented to cover only the worthy ones, such a bill would be approved.

SCHOOLS TO GET LARGER AMOUNTS

Present Legislature Favors $2,000,000 Increase.

TOTAL REACHES $18,000,000

Senator Crow, Who Led Movement For More Money For Public Schools, Points Out Necessity For Maintaining High Standard—Republican Party a Strong Advocate For Better Schools.

Harrisburg, Pa., June 19.—Pennsylvania's public schools seem to be coming into their own at last. The general appropriation bill calls for $2,000,000 more than two years ago, or a total of $18,000,000. As first reported the increase was for one million additional, but an amendment was inserted raising this another million.

One of the most insistent advocates of the greatest possible liberality towards the public schools was Senator William E. Crow, Republican state chairman and leader of the upper branch of the general assembly. The one thing he kept foremost in mind since the beginning of the session was to so shape matters that the appropriation committee might see its way clear to give the schools a substantial increase.

Senator Crow fought for this not only because of his personal belief in the state lending every possible aid to the schools, but also by reason of the Republican party's consistent friendship towards the school system in Pennsylvania. The last Republican platform committed the party to an increased public school appropriation and the present action of the legislature is a decided step towards making good the pledge.

"Pennsylvania schools stand as high, if not higher, than the public schools of any other state, but notwithstanding this fact it is the duty of the legislature to strive to increase their efficiency," said Senator Crow a few days ago. "If this is not done it will not be long before other states pass us. Aside from this commendable desire to stand at the head of the schools of all states, I feel that we owe to the rising generation the extending of every educational opportunity. The best is not too good for the children of Pennsylvania and it is a well-known fact that it requires money to secure what is best in schools. For that reason the 1917 legislature is performing a noteworthy act in increasing the school appropriation to the extent of two million dollars over 1915.

Entitled to Credit.

"The Republican party, by reason of its dominance of the politics of Pennsylvania for so many years, is justly entitled to share in the credit for the present high standing of the schools of this state. Though it has never attempted to link politics with the schools—and, I hope, it never will—the fact remains that session after session the Republicans are in control of the general assembly and it is under their direction that the appropriations to the schools have steadily increased.

"Every Republican party platform within my knowledge has expressed its friendship to the schools of Pennsylvania. The last one was no exception. It became our duty, therefore, to do everything within our power to boost the school appropriation and I am glad that the committee has reported out an $18,000,000 bill. This is not a cent too much. Our population is steadily increasing, the necessity for new schools is more acute now than ever before and unless districts are given liberal aid from the state they will be greatly handicapped. Besides all this the salaries of teachers have not been increased proportionately with those in other professions and trades and the willingness of the state to bear an additional financial burden naturally enables the respective districts to grant increases wherever needed."

$400,000 For Mothers' Pension.

Another bill of state-wide importance reported out calls for $400,000 for mothers' pension. This is over twice the amount appropriated in 1915. In addition there is in the state treasury about $30,000 that reverted back by reason of certain counties failing to create a fund in accordance with the 1913 act.

Those back of the mothers' pension movement asked $800,000, but they are satisfied that the committee did the best it possibly could under the existing financial condition of the state.

A bill appropriating $100,000 for the manufacturing fund of the state prison labor commission has been reported out and will be passed. This money is to equip plants and buy machinery for penal institutions.

Another bill to see the light of day with every chance of going through is to appropriate $25,000 for the organization and work of a bureau of markets in the department of agriculture.

FOR GOLF PLAYERS.

A Few Suggestions on the Best Grips For Hands and Feet.

The importance of the general equipment of a golfer in all its details is often overlooked, and it is therefore proposed to mention a few things to be remembered. Perhaps the greatest problems are the best grips for the hands and feet. So far as the former is concerned, to many this is no trouble at all, for they just rub some pitch or wax on their grips and have no further difficulty, but there are others who cannot use either of these because it makes the hands sore, thus taking away much of the pleasure of the game.

Something in the way of an alternative to be recommended is rough rubber. One would imagine that this material would wear the hands out sooner than anything else, but this is not the case. There seems to be a prejudice against wearing gloves for golf, but they are really quite easy to play in, although it takes a few weeks to get thoroughly accustomed to them. Gloves have the advantage of keeping the hands warm, as well as preventing them from becoming sore, cracked or blistered.

A firm grip for the feet is just as important as a good grip for the hands. It has been said that the ordinary nails which are put in golf shoes are not much good. Gymnasium shoes are suggested for dry weather, but are practically useless if the ground becomes at all wet. It is a great mistake to play in gymnasium shoes or those with no heels and then suddenly to change to thick soled boots, for when these have studs or nails fitted the player stands quite an inch higher. A difference like this is apt to alter the game of any one considerably, and one golfer who tried it sliced all his drives until he got accustomed to his higher position.

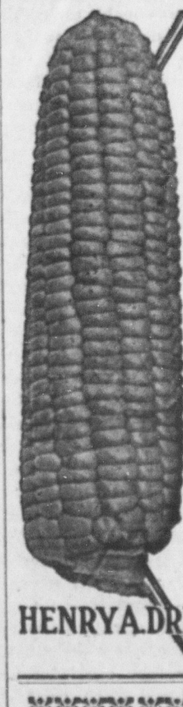
A player should always see that he is thoroughly comfortable and should avoid carrying bulky things in his pockets, such as balls, which often get in the way when approaching and putting. These articles should be placed in charge of the caddie during the round, or, failing the caddie, they should be put into the pocket of the bag. No golfing equipment is complete without a rag or duster to dry the grips in the event of rain or to wipe the hands if they should perspire in hot weather.—New York Post.

Quite Experienced.

The pert elevator boy in the big hotel was airing his views to a passenger on the proper conduct of children.

"What do you know about it?" laughed the passenger. "You're not married, are you?"

"Well, no," replied the boy, as he flung open the gate on the top floor for his passenger to step out, "but I brought a good many families up in my time."



Dreer's Aristocrat Sugar Corn

A delicious extra early variety which was for many years controlled by a prominent gardener who furnished truck to the aristocrats of Newport, R. I. Ears of large size with broad grains that allow of easy scoring with a knife when eaten off the cob. Liberal packet—10 cts., postpaid.

Dreer's Garden Book for 1917

makes gardening easy for amateurs. Hundreds of cultural notes by experts. 288 pages, colored plates and duotone plates. Lists practically everything worth growing in Vegetables, Flowers and Plants.

A copy sent free if you mention this publication.

HENRY A. DREER 714-16 Chestnut St, Philadelphia.

IS'S SURPRISING

That So Many Bellefonte People Fail to Recognize Kidney Weakness.

Are you a bad back victim?

Suffer twinges; headaches, dizzy spells?

Go to bed tired—get up tired?

It's surprising how few suspect the kidneys.

It's surprising how few know what to do.

Kidney trouble needs kidney treatment.

Doan's Kidney Pills are for the kidneys only.

Have convinced Bellefonte people of their merit.

Here's a Bellefonte case; Bellefonte testimony.

Kidney sufferers hereabouts should read it.

Mrs. Sara Miller, 210 E. Howard St., says: "The first I noticed my kidneys were weak was when I began to have headaches and dizzy spells and spots floated before my eyes. I also had pains in my back and there was a dull ache across my loins. I couldn't do any lifting and when I sat down I could hardly get up without help. I also had rheumatic twinges. After I had taken two boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills the rheumatic pains disappeared and I was relieved of the other troubles. I have had very little kidney trouble since."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—Get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Miller had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfgrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

Carry Your Registration Cards.

A large number of young men in Bellefonte are in a quandary to know just what to do with their registration certificates. Some have been inclined to put them away to be used only for mementos, but that is not the idea of the government.

Carry your registration certificate with you always.

This advice is given all men of draft age who have complied with the law.

Carry the card with you always so that you can show it whenever demanded.

Orders were issued from Washington Monday night, that every man from now on, who is of draft age and cannot show his registration card shall be arrested at once and punished as provided by law.

The time of grace has elapsed and the time of retribution is at hand.

War Loan Over-Subscribed.

Secretary McAdoo, announcing the tremendous over-subscription of the two billion-dollar offering of the Liberty loan, said he did not think there would be anotner offering of the remaining three billion authorized by Congress before next fall.

When the books closed treasury officials estimated that the total subscription would reach at least $2,500,000,000 and might soar to $3,000,000,000

Believed Dead; Visits Brother.

Missing for twenty years and believed to have died, John Anderson, a former resident of Drifton, Pa., surprised his brother, William, by visiting the old homestead.

Itch! Itch! Itch!—Scratch? Scratch! Scratch! The more you scratch, the worse the itch. Try Doan's Ointment. For eczema, any skin itching. 50c. a box.

Read The Republican $1.50 a year in advance.

DOLLARS SAVED
On all Guaranteed Make Tires
Sell us your worn out tires. Get circular No. 27P stating sizes and makes wanted.
Pittsburgh Tire & Rubber Brokerage Co
206 Market Street - PITTSBURGH PA.

HIS FIRST DEPOSIT.

Makes a young man feel like a different fellow He commences to feel that he has something. He has. A deposit in the Bellefonte Trust Co. means the beginning of a fund which may lead to fortune and certainly to old age comfort and independence.

Bellefonte Trust Company,
Allegheny Street Bellefonte, Pa.

A CHILD LOVE

It Was More Than That Later

By ETHEL HOLMES

I am an old maid. I have never had a love affair and never expect to have one. Perhaps this is why I take an interest in the loves of other people. Nothing is so attractive to me as to watch a young couple drifting into that current which at first moves so imperceptibly that they are not aware they are in it. Indeed, so unconscious are they of being incipient lovers that it does not occur to them to conceal the fact from any one else.

And to me there is something especially touching about the loves of children. Some deny that there is such a thing as a pair of children lovers. I deny their negation, and I do so on a very sound basis. When I was ten years old I was in love with a boy of fifteen. This is the nearest I ever came to love.

I remember one day sitting at my window sewing when a boy and a girl passed on the other side of the road. The boy's straw hat was dingy, and there was plenty of ventilation in its crown. His only other clothing was a shirt and trousers—no shoes or stockings, nothing around his throat, his collar being open and displaying the tanned skin. The girl's clothing was neither better nor worse, and there was about as much of it.

The two were evidently absorbed in each other. What they were talking about I was too far from them to hear, but it was of vital importance. It may be that the boy had been "kept in" after school and they were indignant over time thus lost in play. It may be that some urchin had smashed the china head of the girl's doll. Whatever it was it was being discussed with animation.

And I maintain that these childish interests are of more real importance for the time being than those which come later. No addition to an adult's stock of wealth gives the same zest as a new toy to one of these little people.

Often afterward I saw these two and always together. In this they were different from other children who play, boys with boys and girls with girls. I learned that they were Henry Morse and Lila Bunker, a farmer's boy and farmer's girl. Indeed, we were all farmer folk, all knew one another, everybody being interested in some degree at least in every one else, a simple community and more than usually free from the petty jealousies common to mankind.

Henry Morse's father was determined that his son should have a good education, and the boy was sent away to school. After this I used to see Lila going by our house, but no companion supplied Henry's place. She was always alone, and I fancied her thinking of her other self. But this was simply fancy on my part. As I have said in the beginning, not having had any love affairs of my own, I conjure up love affairs for others. In this case of Henry and Lila I knew nothing of what was passing between them except from observation, so I may be excused for filling in occasionally that the story may not seem too disconnected. At the last I was present and shall not have to draw on my imagination.

When Henry came back from school there was a more modish appearance to his clothes and to his manners. Poor Lila, who had remained on the farm, had only an unadorned beauty, freshened by pure air and sunshine. They were now about sixteen years old, though Henry was half a head taller, and I could not see that their interest in each other had waned, though the childish unconsciousness that they were of different sex had disappeared. I used to see them go by the house together as formerly, but the prattle of childhood had given place to the more sober conversation of youth. I often wished I could hear what they were saying to each other.

Henry did so well at school that his father decided to send him to college. I wondered what effect his four years' association with young men and women of the world would have on my pet love affair. I feared that Henry, having become used to the polished girls he would meet, would return to see in Lila a country girl lacking the airs and graces of her sisters of the city. Would this alienate him? It was to be expected that it would. And, though country born and bred myself, I don't know that those of us who go to the city and acquire city ways are to be blamed when we return and yield to dissatisfaction with country ways.

Henry remained away a year at college before he came back to the farm. Then one July morning, when sitting at my window darning socks, I looked up, and there on the opposite side of the road were the couple I had first noticed eight or nine years ago as children. Though Henry was plainly dressed, his clothes were not country clothes. It seemed to me that he might pass anywhere as a city bred young man. And Lila—how my heart went out to the poor child in her effort to dress in a fashion more in keeping with the apparel of those girls to whom Henry had been accustomed. It was all inference with me, but it was plain to see that she had prepared herself against his return to modify the difference between her and their habiliments.

I wondered if he noticed this and if it pleased or displeased him. Surely her effort was not very successful. In the country one may get city fashions, but it is not every worker who can make them up. But in the few moments they were passing it was impossible for me to tell if there had been any change in Henry's feelings for Lila. So I pieced out the story in this wise: Henry was beginning to see the difference between her and the girls he had met. I mean by "her" her clothes—a certain deficiency in what city people call chic. I am not referring to Lila as a soul, not even as a body, for in bodily beauty she would doubtless far surpass many a city girl. Well, what do I refer to? Why, clothes and manner; that's all.

After this Henry seldom came home during vacations. I heard that he usually went camping with his fellow students. At any rate, I lost track of my lovers. I was reluctantly obliged to consider my story, if not finished, at least passing through a stage of interruption. Henry had become interested in a career which would have nothing to do with farms or farmer people. When he was graduated I learned that he was intending to study medicine. But before he entered a medical college his father, who spared no expense on his education, sent him abroad. When I heard of all these matters, which were taking him farther and farther away from provincialism and his provincial sweetheart, I groaned in spirit, for I saw that my love story was likely to end in nothing.

It was some time before Henry was to leave the medical college that I heard bad news of Lila. They said she had some trouble that was dragging her down, but the doctors could not discover what it was. They could not diagnose it—that is what they said of it. Her father sent to the city and brought a doctor to the farm especially to see if he couldn't tell what was the matter with her. The doctor said he couldn't find any organic trouble, whatever that means, and the only remedy he thought might benefit her was change of scene. He advised her father to take her on a trip. But Farmer Bunker couldn't afford to do that, and Lila didn't care to go.

I considered this merely a part of my love story. It was plain to me that Henry Morse had drifted away from the little girl I had seen him going by our house with when they were children, and the parting was killing her.

They say story writers often fall in love with their imaginary characters. Therefore it's not strange that a story creator like myself should fall in love with a real person of flesh and blood. I had always known the Bunkers, so I went to see Lila. That was in the spring—May, I think. I found her sitting in an easy chair at her window, pale, languid and without interest in anything. It may be that she divined by my bearing toward her that I knew what was the matter with her. At any rate, when I went up to her, took her hand and drew her head down on my shoulder she left it there and seemed to get relief from the tears that came.

While she was weeping on my shoulder I was thinking. Not having any lover to bring back for myself, I wished I could bring back one for this poor girl. And I formed a plan.

But it was some time before I carried it out, not till summer came. Then I told Lila's parents that I thought it would do her good to come and make me a visit. Since Lila said she would like to do so, they consented, and within a few days she was in my room, the room from which I had first seen her go by with her child lover. I said nothing about Henry Morse either as boy or man any more than if he didn't exist. But when I put Lila in an easy chair at the very window from which I used to watch her and him, and thought of her as she was then and saw her as she was now I made up my mind that if I was going to make a good, real story of her case I couldn't rely on things to happen themselves. I'd have to bring them about myself.

I was thinking, too, that my love story had been going on long enough, and it was time it was brought to a close. Besides, Lila was so weak that I feared in her condition she'd contract some real disease. So I wrote Dr. Henry Morse, who had just been admitted to practice, that I had a patient in my family who was dying of some disease that none of our country doctors could tell anything about, and I would pay him whatever he asked if he would make a flying trip and diagnose the case.

He wrote back that he remembered me very well and would run down in a few days.

Of course I didn't let on to Lila what I had done. She, poor child, wasn't dreaming what an influence my seeing her go by my window so many years before would have on her life. I hoped Henry would come as soon as possible, for she was drooping more and more every day.

Well, one morning he came. He said he had answered my call after his arrival even before going home. I was glad of this, for I was fearful he'd hear something that might interfere with my plan. I just led him upstairs, opened the door, and he went in and I closed it behind him.

I reckon he didn't make as long a call as that on a patient for a good many years. I don't know what happened between them—didn't see the surprise of either of them. All I know is that when he came out two or three hours after he went in he looked at me as though he was going to say something, but pressed my hand instead. Then I went in to Lila. She had the happiest smile on her face I ever saw. She put her arms around my neck and cried and laughed. And that's the end of the story.

I don't see why real story writers don't do something themselves to finish their own stories.

SILENT AND DARING

Secret Service Agents Who Do the Work of Uncle Sam.

THEY LIVE DODGING DEATH.

Known Only to the State Department and Listed on the Private Records Only by Numbers, Their Brave Deeds Never Win Them Public Honors.

The secret service of the United States government, that little band of men who are known only to the state department and whose names appear in the secret archives of the United States as "A-41" or "C-2175," live lives that for adventure and heroism make the average "best seller" hero look like a tarnished imitation.

So little is known by the general public of the secret agents of our government that to the average person it seems probable no such body of men exists. As a matter of fact, the vast majority of the citizens of the country seem to think the secret service, which in reality is attached to the treasury department, is intrusted with diplomatic work of the "underground" order.

This, however, is not the case. Although it is the duty of the secret service and the department of justice operatives to run down plots of different kinds that are brewing almost continuously within the confines of our own borders, they are sent out of the country only on special occasions or when a cloud on a foreign horizon seems to warrant the mission.

In far off Russia, in China, Japan, Germany, France, England, South America, and, in fact, every inhabited part of the globe, there flits the diplomatic phantom—the "secret agent."

How many times he has intercepted such documents as the Zimmermann note will probably never be known outside of diplomatic circles, but that particular feat is a good example of the work done by these "watchdogs of the mist." Using fictitious names and numbers, I will outline their work.

When the war broke out in Europe, broke with all the suddenness of a furious thunderstorm, it was no surprise to those engaged in the great game of "dodging death." In Berlin a dapper youth of decided Teutonic appearance, listed under our own banner as "B-45," was fully alive to what was doing and kept Washington posted.

On the Russian border Ivan Muscovitz, whose reports were signed with another number and letter, straightway informed Washington of the Russian preparations, while in France and England Andre Le Rene and Cyril Frothingham respectively reported the doings of these two great nations.

The youth of Teutonic appearance is killed by a taxicab, plainly an accident, yet the taxicab had followed the Teutonic youth many blocks and was in all probability driven by a decrepit old chauffeur, who was known to Wilhelmstrasse as X-997,681 and who had received notification of the Teutonic youth's activity in the vicinity of some district of military importance.

So died the Teutonic youth. On the register at Washington "B-45" is crossed off as dead, and "B-X" rushes from Dresden to take his place. The Teutonic youth is an American, born and raised, fighting to protect his country; but, even knowing that his life is in continual danger, he can make no appeal for aid. He has done his duty. He is dead.

A "secret agent" is a secret agent in all that the word implies. He must serve his country in silence. He may do braver deeds than those accomplished by the soldier or sailor in battle, but the world cannot know of them. No decoration graces his breast, no honors are thrust upon him by an admiring public, yet he continues on his perilous way doing his duty, a man without a country, who is invaluable to the nation, but yet one whom the nation cannot recognize.

Often French, American and British secret agents work hand in hand. The Frenchman may discover while doing some work for his own government that there is a plot being hatched for a German invasion of the United States through Mexico. He passes the information along to the British and American agents.

Suddenly a fleet of British and American warships get sailing orders. They depart, "destination unknown." There is no invasion.

The American may uncover a message of vast importance to France. His friend, Paul Ledoque, has worked often with him. Paul shall know.

And so it goes on, the never ceasing state of activity throughout the world. Men come and go, come full of the enthusiastic desire to do for the best interests of the nation, and go by the more violent yet expected route of "sudden death."

Unknown, unhonored and unrewarded, they play with death as you play with your own particular amusement. accomplish their ends by any means in their power, yet guarding the nation from more dangers than you ever dreamed could exist.—Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

Two Banks.

"I know a bank where the wild thyme blows," he said dreamily.

"And I know a bank where the interest on the mortgage grows," said his wife. And it was no dream.—Puck.

If you have half an hour to spare don't go and spend it with a man who hasn't.—Sidney Lewis.

The Golden Acre

It Was Half a Century Before It Produced Crops

By F. A. MITCHEL

In 1850 Elihu Deane and Herbert Dodsworth got into a lawsuit over a piece of prairie land located a couple of miles from the center of the city of Chicago. The property was worth nothing, and the expenses of the suit were heavy. They were advised by their lawyers to meet with a view to effecting a compromise. They came together, and Deane said to Dodsworth:

"It is impossible for either you or me to realize anything out of this acre of worthless land. We're too old. But I think there's going to be a big city here some day, and the property in, say, fifty years from now may come within the town limits. It will then be worth something. Suppose we leave it jointly to our heirs?"

"That would be like dividing an apple into a couple of dozen parts. Families multiply, and I doubt if the inheritance will ever be worth more than, say, a hundred dollars. Suppose we arrange so that it shall go to one person yet unborn?"

Dodsworth was ready for any proposition that would relieve him of further bother concerning the property, and legal documents were drawn up bequeathing it to such descendant of either as should be nearest to twenty years old on June 1, 1900. Both men were over fifty at the time the arrangement was made, and both had sons and daughters.

But none of these sons or daughters took the slightest interest in the property that had, so to speak, been put away for the enjoyment of some one yet unborn. If, indeed, any of them ever visited it they saw a part of the prairie, on which, after a rain, stood a pool of water varying from one to twelve inches in depth.

When forty years had rolled round neither Deane nor Dodsworth nor any child of either was living. There were many grandchildren, none of whom knew anything about the acre of property that had been tied up for half a century. Before the death of the testators a fund had been provided from which the taxes were to be paid, and a certain firm of lawyers were to pay them. In 1890 this firm dissolved, and the duty devolved upon their successors. By this time the property had become a snug fortune, and there was no danger of any Deane or Dodsworth who lived in Chicago not knowing something about it. But both families had spread out fanlike and had scattered.

In 1898 Ackley & Thorp, attorneys, were charged with the payment of the taxes on the acre, and the sums were sufficiently large to be noticeable. Sidney Walker, a young man who had just been admitted to the bar, was a clerk in the office of Ackley & Thorp, and the payment of the taxes was intrusted to him. In this way he came to a knowledge of the strange, joint will of Deane and Dodsworth. It occurred to Walker that when the time came round to put the property into the hands of the legitimate heir it would be important that all the members of the Deane and Dodsworth families should be accounted for. Realizing that whoever did this work would doubtless be paid for it, he began a search for every member of both families. But he kept his investigation to himself.

Roger Deane, aged twenty-two, a grandson of Elihu Deane, a party to the will made in 1850, resided in Chicago between 1890 and 1900 and had his eye on the acre as being the possible heir. He was a member of most of the clubs of the city and prominent socially. He hunted up all the Deanes and Dodsworths he could find. There was none nearer than he to the required age. But he found one Dodsworth, a woman about his own age, who might be nearer than he. He made inquiries as to her age, but she declined to give it on the ground that a woman's age is her private property. The truth is that if he knew her age and it was nearer the prize than his he might prepare himself to prove that he was older or younger than she was.

Miss Julia Dodsworth was equally as prominent in society as Roger Deane, and the possession of property worth several hundred thousand dollars would be as much of an advantage to her as to him. She therefore concluded to cultivate him, with a view to getting out of him his age. Neither would be on June 1, 1900, much less than two years above twenty, but no one of the descendants of the original Deane or Dodsworth had turned up nearer the required age, and it seemed probable that one or the other of these two would get the fortune.

As the time drew near for the turning over the acre to the designated heir Messrs. Ackley & Thorp wrote to the Deanes and Dodsworths to state their ages. Roger Deane and Julia Dodsworth were included in the inquiries. Each had been endeavoring to learn the other's age, but neither had succeeded. Therefore neither had any advantage over the other in this respect. There was nothing for either to do but give the true date of birth.

Soon after doing so each received a letter saying that both had been born on the same day, and this would render the will inoperative since it distinctly specified that the property be turned over on the 1st of June, 1900, to the one person nearest to twenty years of age. No one had yet appeared to be nearer than they to the designated age, but the property, under a literal interpretation of the will, could not be given to either.

Roger Deane and Julia Dodsworth visited the attorneys with a view to a compromise. They at first suggested that the property be divided between them. But the lawyers would not do this without an order from the court of chancery. Deane took the man of law aside and asked him if marriage would settle the matter. The reply was that though man and wife were one in certain respects in the eye of the law they were not in all respects. After much delay the lawyer suggested that the only way out of the matter was for one to lay claim to the estate and the other to dispute the claim. This would bring the matter before the court, who would give a decision.

However, nothing could be done before the 1st of June next, and that was still three months distant. Meanwhile Roger Deane and Julia Dodsworth had a common interest. They met quite often with a view to finding some way by which they might at least divide the inheritance. It was suggested that they hunt up the doctors who presided at their birth in order to discover which had been born at the earlier hour of the day. Deane was successful on his part. He found the doctor who brought him into the world, who by reference to certain notes he had taken down with regard to his patients found a record that Roger had been born at 2 o'clock in the morning of April 10, 1878. This, the lawyers said, would not give him the property unless proof was adduced that Miss Dodsworth had been born at a later hour of the day. So there was nothing gained for Deane. And as for Miss Dodsworth, it simply meant that by hunting up her own record she would run twelve chances to one of giving the property to Deane.

By this time this matter of mutual interest had drawn them so closely together that if it could have been settled by their marriage there would have been no further difficulty.

Miss Dodsworth remembered that a woman named McCann had lived with her mother as housekeeper or upper servant for many years. When Julia was about twelve years of age Mrs. McCann had left the family. She was with them when Julia was born and might remember the hour of her birth. Julia began a system of advertising for the woman, and a response was finally elicited. She wrote Julia that she had kept a letter blank book, in which she had noted important events. This book was, with other effects, in a trunk in a garret of one of Mrs. McCann's relatives. She would get it and see if it contained the required information.

While waiting for this Julia told Roger about it. Roger said that if the book contained a memorandum of the hour of Julia's birth he or she would inherit the acre. But he had a dozen chances to one of being the heir. Then he told her that he had become attached to her and proposed that, whether he or she or neither the one nor the other inherited, they pass the rest of their lives as man and wife. Julia was of the same mind, and they plighted their troth, their union to take place irrespective of what by this time they had come to call the golden acre.

A few days after their betrothal Mrs. McCann sent her notebook by registered mail to Julia. Julia turned over the leaves hastily till she came to May and June, 1878, and there found an entry: "At 10 o'clock in the morning of April 10, a little girl was born."

Miss Dodsworth construed this a proof that she had won, since she was born nearer to the 1st of June, 1900, than Roger. She sent the notebook to the attorneys, wrote Roger that she had made up her mind she did not love him as much as she thought she did and broke the engagement.

This break prevented any further conference, and when the 1st of June came round each received a notice to appear at noon on that day at Ackley & Thorp's office. They found there quite a number of descendants of the original Deane and Dodsworth of various ages. Mr. Ackley thus addressed those present:

"By the terms stipulated fifty years ago today by Elihu Deane and Herbert Dodsworth a certain acre of land was bequeathed to such one of their descendants, male or female, who should be nearest to twenty years of age on the 1st of June, 1900. There are four persons living who were born near that date and who are descendants of either Deane or Dodsworth—viz, Roger Deane, Julia Dodsworth, Edward Payne and Emma Osborne, born May 20, 1880. Emma Osborne, having produced satisfactory evidence of birth, will undoubtedly be adjudged the heir by the surrogate."

There was an involuntary hum of dissatisfaction throughout the assembly. Roger Deane and Julia Dodsworth looked at each other and laughed. Both being rich, they could afford to laugh.

Mr. Ackley walked up to a demure looking girl dressed very plainly and congratulated her on attaining the possession of the golden acre. Mr. Sidney Walker also congratulated her. Yielding to an impulse, she threw her arms about his neck.

Walker during his investigations as to who would inherit the golden acre had found a little schoolteacher living in Missouri who was about the required age. He corresponded with her, told her of the fortune that was to be turned over to the legal heir and helped her to obtain undoubted proof of the day and even the hour of her birth. This he did merely in the line of business. The girl came to love him, but did not show her love till the day she was adjudged an heiress.

CLIMBING TO SUCCESS.

Advice to Young Men Who Want to Get Ahead In Business.

President Bedford of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey has himself traveled unaided every step of the way from the valley of obscurity to the summit of success. I asked Mr. Bedford to tell some of the things he had learned during his journey, to give some suggestions or pointers for the guidance of other climbers.

"Well," he began, "my advice to every young man would be this:

"Do everything you are told—and do it with all your heart and strength—willingly, cheerfully and enthusiastically, and then look around for more work to do.

"Don't measure your work by hours, but by what it is possible for you to accomplish from the time you enter in the morning—and be early rather than late—until the place closes in the evening, and don't quit the moment the place officially closes if there is work still to be done.

"Read and study and think along the lines of your business. Learn what it is all about, what service it contributes to making the world go round more comfortably and efficiently. Cultivate the habit of looking ahead, of acquiring as much foresight as possible. Have imagination and vision.

"Then try to plan out your life, to map out a course; consider and calculate the steps necessary to carry you toward your goal; go forward step by step—and don't get your sequences mixed. Do one thing at a time. If your job at the moment is to keep books master bookkeeping thoroughly and study the fundamentals of accountancy; don't merely keep your books mechanically. From accountancy go on to study finance, and this will help to open other doors. Or if a man starts in a manufacturing department let him first master that department and then learn all there is to be learned about other departments. Thus will he become familiar with the whole process of manufacture.

"His next step would be to learn the outlets and the uses for his manufacture—the market for his product. By studying what and how much his market will take or will not take he becomes a capable merchandise man. This double knowledge of manufacturing and merchandising qualifies him to fill an executive position and opens the way to rise to the very top, whereas the fellow who was content to jog along in a rut in one department will still be about where he began."—B. C. Forbes in Leslie's.

Loyalty Must Be Blind.

It is generally believed that business and poetry have nothing in common, yet when Tennyson wrote "The Charge of the Light Brigade" he committed to paper the most vital lesson a business employee can learn—the lesson of blind, blithe loyalty. No commercial organization can live in which loyalty is lacking; none can largely succeed in which it is lukewarm. The man who accepts pay must give more than his time, more than his intelligence; he must give also his heart. The boss may blunder, but the right kind of employee goes ahead anyway, doing the best he can.—Electrical Merchandising.

Tools For the Farm.

In Farm and Fireside are given the following list of the tools every farmer must own:

"Under the title of 'Repair Shop,' C. I. Gunness, a Massachusetts machinery expert, lists the following tools as invaluable on every farm. The chest includes ripsaw, crosscut saw, claw hammer, steel square, jack plane, block plane, spirit level, brace and set of auger bits. Many other tools might be mentioned, but with those listed practically all of the necessary farm carpenter work can be done."

Four Governors In One Year.

In one year once the state of Maine enjoyed the novelty of having four governors. The year was 1843. Governor Fairchild was elected to serve that year, but resigned. He was succeeded by Governor Kavenaugh, president of the senate, but he also resigned. Then Governor Dunn, speaker of the assembly, took the chair, and he was succeeded by Governor Dana, president of the senate. Governor Anderson was elected for the year 1844.

Declaring War.

There is a real distinction between declaring war and declaring that a state of war exists. A government declares war when it purposes to make war on another country. It declares that a state of war exists, as the United States did when another government had already attacked it.

Fleas.

Fleas are abundant in the orient and afford the subject of many proverbial expressions. This insect is only twice mentioned in the Scriptures, in Samuel xxiv, 14, and in the same book, xxvi, 20.

Her Expression.

Slickton—They tell me your daughter sings with great expression. Flickton—Greatest you ever saw! Why, her own mother can't recognize her face when she's singing.—Puck.

Not Being Done.

He—What did you think of the play? She—It wasn't true to life. He—How so? She—Well, the wife continually asks for money and gets it.—The Lamb.

An act of yours is not simply the thing you do, but it is also the way you do it.—Wendell Phillips.

THE REPUBLICAN.

Bellefonte, Pa., June 21 1917

CHARLES E. DORWORTH, - Ed., & Pub

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FOR JURY COMMISSIONER.

The Republican is authorized to announce the candidacy of John D. Decker, of Potter Township, for nomination for Jury Commissioner on the Republican ticket, subject to the decision of the Republican primary election in 1917.

FOR TAX COLLECTOR—We are authorized to announce that J. M. Keichline, of Bellefonte Borough, is a candidate for Tax Collector on the Democratic ticket. Subject to the decision of the voters as expressed at the primaries to be held September 18th, 1917.

This is the longest day in 1917.

Centre county contributed $630,000 to the Liberty Loan.

The food speculators should be hanged to the lamp post.

We predict that the wheat crop will beat first estimates by at least twenty-five per cent.

If there is a hereafter, as we are taught to believe, the Kaiser has something coming to him.

The fellow whose home is burning has enough misery without having to listen to the new fire alarm let out a howl that sounds like the wail of a lost soul.

Its a popular trick to blame everything on the war. One naturally hopes that sooner or later retribution will overtake the vultures who by marking up prices rob even the extremely poor.

KILLED IN BATTLE

The Philipsburg Journal says that Arthur E. McCall, aged 22 years, a Philipsburg boy, who had enlisted in the 14th Canadian Battalion, Royal Montreal regiment, and went to France to enter the conflict in defense of humanity, is the first from that city to lay down his life on the field of battle. He was killed on April 9th as will appear by the following letter just received by his mother, Mrs. A. Brandon, written under date of May 1st from the headquarters in France:

"Dear Madam:

Doubtless you have heard before this of the death of your son, Private A. E. McCall, who was killed during the operations on April 9th.

"Your son was a good soldier and I can assure you his loss is felt keenly by all who knew him. Canada has lost a good soldier, and all of us a gallant comrade.

"In the years to come when time will have somewhat lightened this sorrow, may the fact that your son died fighting bravely for a good cause prove of some consolation to you.

"I extend to you the sincerest sympathies of all the officers and men under my command.

Yours sincerly,
"Gault McCombe,
"Lieutenant Colonel,

Traub—Paul.

A pretty wedding was solemnized at St. Luke's Lutheran church Williamsport at noon Tuesday when Miss Ruth M. Paul, a teacher in the Washington school building, became the bride of the Rev. Walter H. Traub, pastor of the Lutheran church at State College. They will be at home at State College after July 1st.

Drying and Canning Demonstration.

On Friday evening of next week at 7.30 o'clock Miss Pearl McDonald will speak in the Bellefonte High school auditorium under the auspices of the Centre County Farm Bureau. Miss McDonald is at the head of the home extension department of State College.

Miss Stella Moran left this morning (Thursday) for Altoona where she will visit her sister for several weeks.

Dr. Ezra Yocum, pastor of the Bellefonte Methodist church, was taken suddenly ill Wednesday and this Thursday morning he was removed to the hospital.

Gilbert White, of New York, a nephew of the late General Beaver, is looking over the Bellefonte Steam and Gas plant this week.

Former United States Senator George T. Oliver, his daughter Mrs. J. P. Young, and little grandson, master Oliver Blair, all of Pittsburg, spent last Friday night at the Bush House. They were enroute to Canada to spend several weeks along the lakes. At Cornell they stopped over for a day to see a son of Senator Oliver who is taking a course in an aviation school preliminary to service in France.

State of Ohio, city of Toledo, } ss.
Lucas County }

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON
Notary Public

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and foucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY, & CO., Toledo, Ohio
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The Mysterious Sun Spot

It Contained an Important Message.

By RICHARD MARKLY

On the South Carolina coast stands one of those imposing colonial edifices for which that state is famous. It was built during the times when the southern settlers, requiring laborers to work on their tobacco plantations, were importing large cargoes of African negroes, who were held as slaves. It is of brick, with large pillars in front, and, considering its age, is in a remarkable state of preservation. This is because a recent owner has put it in repair.

Like other houses of its kind dating back to the seventeenth century, it was built out of the proceeds of negroes captured in Africa and sold as slaves in America. But the slave trade and its twin brother, piracy, were not in that day deprecated as they are, or, rather, would be, today. He who built the house referred to became one of the most prominent men of his time. Richard Granville was not his name, but in bringing out the antecedents of his descendants it is a far safer name to use than his own. He began life as a sailor, visiting every country where there was trading to be done, and a few of his older slaves, who were house servants and thus enabled the more readily to become conversant with his secrets, handed down a tradition that their master started his fortune in piracy.

Be this as it may, up to the middle of the last century his descendants did not deny that much of his money had been made in the slave trade. In his old age his conscience troubled him, and those who were nearest him said that he desired to make some reparation for his misdeeds. He had a statue of himself made of bronze and set it up on a pedestal in a bay window of his library. The left hand rests on an anchor, and the right holds a sextant—not a mock sextant; a real one, though not of brass, but of the same material as the statue. He left orders that no headstone should mark his grave, and it was supposed that he intended the statue as a substitute for one. At any rate, no one now knows where he is buried.

Different generations of his descendants discussed the statue and wondered at the whim which led their progenitor to erect it. One thing about it excited special attention. Every morning the sun, shining in upon it, strikes the eyepiece of the sextant and, passing through the tube, casts a solar image on the opposite wall. The track of this round spot of light changes with the season, traversing a slightly different path each day. There is another thing that puzzled the owners of the Granville estate. The only inscription on the statue, or, rather, its pedestal, is the date of Richard Granville's birth. And not only is the date given, but the hour and minute.

Of all topics connected with the statue probably the giving of this minute information was most discussed. No one who saw it could remember having seen any memorial giving either the hour and minute of a birth or the hour and minute of a death. But one generation after another passed away, and no plausible reason for either the statue or its singular inscription was suggested.

During the civil war Elwood Granville, the owner of the estate at that time, fought for the maintenance of the system in the introduction of which his progenitor took so important a part. Colonel Granville was a religious man and one of those who traced authority for slavery from the Bible. After the war he returned to his plantation and began to run it anew under the system that had been born during the struggle.

A few papers that had belonged to the original Granville were handed down through his descendants. They had been preserved time and again by different persons, but appeared to contain nothing to throw any light on the puzzles connected with the writer or receiver. One day Colonel Granville, while amusing himself with these documents, read a letter from the founder of his house to a clergyman, in which the former said that he would like to leave at his death a fund for the benefit of the negro race in America, but the time would not come for perhaps one or two centuries when such a bequest could be utilized.

Probably the statement had been read a hundred times by Richard Granville's descendants without making any marked impression. But Colonel Granville read it at a time when the negro slave had been just emancipated and called, in all the ignorance induced by his condition, to citizenship. The meaning of the statement, "The time would not come for perhaps one or two centuries," was plain to him. More than one century had passed and brought the changed conditions. This led Colonel Granville, who was eager to help the negro, now that he had become a freeman, onward and upward to think of the benefits that would accrue from such a bequest as was mentioned in the letter.

Then suddenly two connected ideas entered Colonel Granville's brain. The first was: Might not the writer have secretly carried out his intention, leaving a fund for the purpose that would turn up a century or two after his death? And might not the statue have something to do with its location?

Though he did not know it, he had made a mental leap bridging a century since his ancestor's death. He determined to make a study of the statue and everything that pertained to it. Every morning he devoted an hour to sitting before the bronze, looking at it and thinking about it. Perhaps he fancied that by thus mentally dwelling upon it through some spiritual process the secret would be imparted to him. The inscription engaged his attention, but he could make nothing of it. And yet there must have been an object in putting it there alone, and especially with the hour and minute of birth.

One morning Colonel Granville was sitting, as usual, studying the statue. The sun spot was crawling slowly over the wall as it had been traveling year in and year out for 100 years. The colonel was watching it as he had often watched it before. A third new idea came to him. Might not this sun spot have some meaning?

There seem to be two kinds of ideas in the human brain, those that are original or parent ideas and those that are offspring. The present case is an illustration. The conception that the sun spot might have some meaning was in a measure original (though everything, after all, is but a link in an eternal chain), and it suggested another idea—viz, Might not there be a connection between the sun spot and the date of birth on the statue?

Colonel Granville sprang from his chair. He was confident that he had made an important discovery. What that discovery would lead to was another matter. He had little expectation that it would work out his first conceptions which had come from the letter he had read, but he hoped it might solve the mystery of the statue and the date inscribed upon it. He was not long in inferring that on the day, hour and minute recorded on the statue the sun spot would rest on a part of the wall which would give some information or injunction intended by the man who had erected the statue.

The inscription gave the year, which could be of no importance since the sun traverses the same apparent path annually; the day, June 17; the hour, 10 o'clock, and the minute, the twenty-fifth. In other words, if this were the true explanation, on June 17, at twenty-five minutes after 10 o'clock, the position of the sun spot would mean something. It could not refer to 10 o'clock at night for an obvious reason.

It was early in April when Colonel Granville hit upon this possible explanation. Nearly two months of waiting would be necessary before the spot would reach a position corresponding with the date. The colonel, too impatient to defer investigation for what seemed to him so long a period, was eager to get a computer to come and calculate where the spot would be on the given day. But he knew of no one at hand who would be able to make the calculation. Besides, he had no desire to suffer the obloquy such an act would cast upon him, for when he stopped to think he was forced to admit that no more chimerical idea could enter the brain of man.

So he was obliged to wait and while waiting planned an excuse for what he proposed to do. He determined to make a hole in the wall where the sun spot rested on the 17th of June at twenty-five minutes past 10 in the morning, and he proposed to tell the household that he was looking for a convenient location for a chimney he was thinking of building. Every day after that the colonel watched the movement of the spot with keen interest, and at the end of a month he could calculate pretty nearly where it would fall on the 17th of June. However, he waited till the date came round.

Now, on the 17th of June the sun stands very high, practically at the highest point during the year. Consequently the spot was at the lowest point. In fact, it rested on the floor. The colonel bored a hole in the flooring, inclining it from the sextant to the point of the spot's contact, and, inserting a tube, noted a place in the cellar where the line of vision prolonged would strike. Then one night when the household was asleep he went into the cellar with a lantern, a pick and a spade and began to dig.

He had cut through the cement bottom of the cellar and dug down exactly ten feet when he struck masonry. It was not very well put together, and he soon loosened the upper stones, coming to an open space. In this was an iron box or safe, such as was used many years ago. A blow of the pick knocked off the cover, and there lay a mass of gold coins. On the coins lay a paper, which Colonel Granville read.

His idea derived from the letter written by his ancestor was correct. Here was a chest containing a mixture of English, Spanish and other gold pieces, with a will bequeathing the treasure to found an institution for the amelioration of the negro race.

Colonel Granville replaced the earth over the treasure and left it to think out the problem before him. Such a bequest coming from the original testator would be absorbed in legal technicalities. Besides, Granville would not like the notoriety attached to bringing out so many old coins—coins that he knew came from the price of slaves and probably the loot of piracy. He resolved to say nothing about this strange request, but to dispose of it piecemeal and erect in his own name the institution for which it was intended. This intention he carried out, and many a negro is now being educated with the money derived from the sale of his ancestors.

SPEED OF A MOTORCAR.

Fast Running, Besides the Danger, Piles Up the Cost.

"The driver who persists in operating his motorcar at high speed may elude constables and police," says a writer in the Farm and Fireside, "but he cannot escape from the penalties which natural mechanical laws levy upon his car. Here are ten reasons why it is expensive, dangerous and inconsiderate of others to speed:

"Tires last about twice as long on a car that is driven at fifteen miles an hour as upon cars driven at thirty miles an hour. Speeding generates heat, which is an enemy to rubber.

"Driving a car around a sharp corner at twenty-five miles an hour does more damage to the tires than 200 miles of straight road work. Excessive side pressure on tires may pinch the tubes, and it always strains the side walls of the casings.

"High speeds are likely to cause skidding and breakage of springs and steering gear, any of which are dangerous when speeding.

"In proportion to the mileage obtained, high speeds require more gasoline and oil than a moderate rate of traveling.

"Driving a car at excessive speed, especially over rough roads, subjects the bearings to enormous strains.

"High speed may cause crystallization of rapidly moving metal parts that are subject to strain, and these may break at any time without warning.

"High speed interferes with the accuracy of steering, as is shown by the number of reckless drivers who have gone over banks and into ditches, especially on curves.

"It is a strain on the eyes and the nerves of the driver and also of the other passengers in the car.

"Finally it is a menace to the pleasure and safety of others who use the road.

"The majority of modern motorcars develop their maximum efficiency with lowest expense at speeds ranging from fifteen to twenty-five miles an hour, depending on the make of car and condition of the road."

STURGEONS AS THEY FEED.

Peculiar Way These Big Fish Attack and Absorb Their Prey.

The sturgeon feeds along muddy bottoms on small shellfish, water weeds and bottom fishes. According to the Zoological Society Bulletin, its method of feeding is peculiar. Underneath the snout and near the point of it are four barbels, or "feelers," about two and a half inches long and placed about three-quarters of an inch apart across the snout. It swims with the snout close to the bottom, which allows the barbels to trail along on the sand or mud.

Whenever the barbels touch the protruding siphons of the soft shelled clam or the razor clam the siphons of the clams contract and by doing so notify the sturgeon of their presence. It halts and with its telescope mouth pumps the sand or mud away from the clam, passes it out of the gill openings and finally draws the clam from its resting place into its jaws and there crushes it. The larger portions of the shell it discards through the gill openings, but if the clams are small it discards very little of the shell, but swallows nearly all of it.

Another way the sturgeon has of feeding is to plow a furrow through the sand or mud with its long pointed snout, then to turn around and go back through the furrow and pick up what ever small mollusks and crustaceans it may have exposed. It also sucks up with its protruding mouth great quantities of sand and mud, sifts them through its gills and thereby finds many small organisms upon which it feeds.

Begin to Save Now.

How many people say to themselves, "Next year will find me with a nice little savings account," and then realize later on that it was like so many other good resolutions—never carried out. The time to begin is now. Nothing is ever gained by indecision. Begin by doing without some one thing which, possibly, may not come under the head of extravagance and still is not a necessity. It is not so much the amount you save at first that counts, but it paves the way for the systematic saving, which in the end makes the successful men and women of tomorrow. —S. W. Straus.

The Island of Hongkong.

Hongkong is an island about eleven miles long, with a width of from one to three miles, and consists almost entirely of a series of hills. There is a good road around a portion of the island on the sea front, but the grades up the mountains are too steep for practical automobiling, and the streets generally are not wide enough and not strongly enough constructed to permit the use of heavy cars upon them.

Father's Peaceful Role.

There is nothing in the theory, advanced by the funny papers, to the effect that indignant fathers kick objectionable suitors down the front steps. All a father does when his daughter entertains a young man who is objectionable to him is to growl to his wife. —Topeka Capital.

So He Rose.

An Irish M. P. once declared with due solemnity, "Mr. Speaker, I cannot sit still here and keep silent without rising and saying a few words!"—London Telegraph.

He who conceals a useful truth is equally guilty with the propagator of an injurious falsehood.—Augustine.

Miner's Luck

Story of a Girl's Bravery

By ELINOR MARSH

Pete Clarkson was working on a claim when he saw something glisten in the sunlight. Stooping, he picked up a small chunk of ore and held it near to his eyes.

Clarkson threw aside his pick.

He posted his notice of possession by laying the paper on the newly broken ground and placing a stone on top to keep it from blowing away. Any one who jumped that claim now might expect the wild justice of the mining camp to be visited upon him.

As he drew near the camp the thunder of the stamp mills smote the air, and the blur of smoking chimneys dimmed the eastern sky.

Pete Clarkson's persistent efforts and dogged determination to find something that would enrich him sufficiently to offer Molly Gray a home had resulted in his striking what was probably the lost vein of the Great Dome ledge.

He stopped once at the house of Jim Gray, superintendent of the Great Dome, and Molly Gray, sweet as a rose, with gray eyes, brown hair, pink cheeks and pink gown, came to the door.

"How'd you make out, Pete?" she asked, her little brown hand lost in his great earth stained palm.

"It's the Molly Gray," he said quietly, thrusting the lump of ore into her other hand.

"Oh, Pete," she cried joyfully, "where?"

"On Crow ledge, near Crow rock."

"Where we saw the sunset that night?"

"Same place."

"What were you doing there, Pete?" she asked, with dimpling cheeks.

"Prospectin'," he grinned sheepishly. Then, passing his hand over his unshorn chin, he nodded toward the Great Dome smelter. "I guess it will be all right now down there," he said confidently.

"You know it has always been all right with me, Pete," said Molly softly.

"I know," he said soberly. "I'm goin' down now to git out my papers. I'll stop on my way back."

"Haven't you registered yet?" she asked anxiously.

"Nope; stopped here first thing. Got her staked all right, though, and the name posted. Goin' back there to make camp. So long; see you later." And with a backward wave of his hand he loped down toward the registering office.

From the doorway of the cabin at the head of the street Molly, holding a pair of fieldglasses to her pretty eyes, watched him enter the office. Then her gaze fell upon the figure of a man sprawled upon the rough veranda encircling the one roomed building. A wide brimmed hat was drawn over his eyes, and to all appearances he was lost in slumber.

Molly looked at the open window over the man's head and calculated that if Pete Clarkson anounced his discovery in his usual bluff, hearty accents it could readily be heard by the man on the veranda if he were awake and listening, and if it should prove to be Dave Lumly, who was own brother to Jim Lumly, the registrar of claims, why, then, Pete Clarkson would have a race for his claim, that was all. She remembered the case of Allan Smith, the young prospector from the east who made a find and staked his claim. Before he could register it and return to the scene Dave Lumly had news of the find and had jumped the claim. With his brother to back his title to it, Lumly had defied the sheriff and his posse to oust him. Young Smith had shot himself, and, after all, the mine had proved worthless.

Ah, the somnolent one arose slowly, stretched himself, took a careful survey of the street; then, with a swift movement, leaped into the saddle of a waiting sorrel and rode out Black lane. It was Dave Lumly.

Presently she saw Pete emerge from the registry office and cross the street to the assayers. With sudden energy she re-entered the house, scribbled a few lines informing Pete of her whereabouts in case she could not find him, pinned the note to the front door, saddled her little mare Daisy, mounted and dashed down the street toward the assay office.

"Pete Clarkson?" repeated Browning. "Just left here for down the street."

"If he comes back tell him to go up to our place. There's a message for him. Will you tell him?" she inquired breathlessly.

"Sure thing, Miss Molly," he said heartily; then he watched her disappear down the long street and out upon the short cut through the canyon to Crow mountain. The afternoon sun shone on her hatless head and the light wind fluttered her pink skirts as the little mare broke into a gallop.

Once she drew rein and took a swift survey of the country.

Mile after mile the mare covered, scrambling up steep hillsides and sliding recklessly down the slopes. Molly, with blazing eyes and compressed lips, watched for the reappearance of the sorrel horse and its slouching rider. Lumly, taking advantage of the information he had gleaned at the registry office, would remove Pete's stake, substitute one of his own and claim possession of the Molly Gray. If she could only reach Crow rock before Dave Lumly she would fight with all the fierceness of old Jim Gray himself for the possession of her lover's rights.

Molly frowned as she thought all these things over, and every now and then she turned and looked back along the trail for some sign of the approach of Pete Clarkson. If he returned to the cabin, as he had intended doing, he would find her note.

With heart beating in time to the muffled thud of Daisy's hoofs, she drew rein on the crest of the ledge and looked about for Dave Lumly, but he was not in sight, and with resumed confidence she cantered along the narrow, uneven trail to Crow rock.

When she rounded the rock the sorrel was nipping the parched turf and Lumly, on his knees, was stuffing a piece of white paper into his pocket. His back was toward her, and he had doubtless mistaken the tread of her horse for the trampling of his own beast.

"Look here, Dave Lumly!"

Lumly jumped to his feet and looked into the barrel of a revolver leveled with cool precision.

"You git outer my way, young lady," he snarled defiantly, making a movement to grasp her bridle rein.

"Stop there or I'll fire!" she said calmly.

"What do you want?" he growled, looking at her out of stealthy red eyes.

"I want you to put that paper back in the hole," she commanded sharply.

"And if I don't?" he grinned savagely.

"Why, if you don't," she said, with a calculating glance, "I believe I'll just bore your right arm."

"The devil you will! It seems to me you are pretty highty tighty, miss."

"Are you going to do it?" she asked.

"Oh, sure; of course I couldn't refuse a lady," he said, taking the paper from his pocket with his right hand and furtively reaching with his left around to his hip.

"Your left hand up!" she commanded again.

With a muttered oath he swung his arm aloft. The sorrel horse drew near and thrust an inquiring nose toward his master. With a quick movement Lumly held out the paper, the sorrel caught it between his lips, and in another instant it fell to the ground a mass of pulp. Lumly laughed exultantly.

Molly Gray whitened about the lips. "Other hand up!" she commanded shortly.

The man obeyed.

"Turn your back and walk toward me." Then, as he hesitated, she added contemptuously, "Don't be afraid. I'm not going to shoot you in the back."

He turned sullenly and backed slowly up to the mare's side. With muzzle pressed close to his shock of rough hair she abstracted the six shooter from his belt and ascertained that there was no other weapon. The man trembled slightly. It was a pesky dangerous thing to have a woman fooling with a revolver. One never knew what—

"Now walk forward twenty steps and don't turn; if you do it will be for the last time!" Molly did not recognize her own sweet voice in the firm tones that cut the air like the lash of a whip.

The man obeyed. When, at her word of command, he faced about, the feet of the little mare were gathered in the hole in the ground, and her rider, with shining eyes and bright, glad smile, looked at him down the length of his own six shooter.

"In fifteen minutes at the latest Pete Clarkson, Mill Hodges and the sheriff will strike this ledge. I advise you, Dave Lumly, if you value your life, to prospect around Cartertown way for a few years. The trail is plain; there's your horse, and I'm giving you a chance."

Lumly looked back down the trail. Several horsemen were riding rapidly up Crow creek bottom. There was a flash of sunlight on metal.

With a muttered curse he turned toward his horse. "You'll pay for this holdup, girl," he said threateningly.

"It's not a holdup; it's a hold down," retorted Molly saucily.

As Lumly disappeared among the distant western slopes three men rode madly down the trail and rounded Crow rock in a cloud of dust and a scatter of flying stones. Molly Gray, with trembling lips, smiled upon them.

"Where is he?" demanded Pete, while the other men looked mingled disappointment and admiration upon pretty Molly.

She pointed toward the west, where a solitary horseman was silhouetted against the amber sunset sky ere it dropped behind a distant hill.

"So you let the critter go!" uttered the sheriff ruefully.

Pete looked at her questioningly.

"I didn't want bloodshed on Crow rock, Pete," she explained in a low tone.

A light of understanding came into his eyes. He nodded his head. "That's all right, sheriff. I guess that coyote won't jump any more claims hereabouts, I reckon."

"Where is your claim, Pete?" asked Hodges, looking curiously around.

"Here it is," interpolated Molly, blushing. "He was jumping it when"—

"And you stood him off?" chorused the men.

She nodded gravely. "He fed the paper to the horse, so I held him up, and now I'm holding down the claim myself."

"I don't understand," said Hodges blindly.

"Why, you see," faltered Molly, while Pete grinned fatuously upon her, "I'm the claim—that is, I'm Molly Gray, and I'm holding down the claim. It's the Molly Gray, you know," she said, slipping down from the saddle into the outstretched arms of her lover.

Correspondence

Snow Shoe

Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Morgan and daughter Lenora, spent Sunday with Mrs. Morgan's parents, at Mill Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Condon and family, Mr. and Mrs John Shaw and family, Mr. and Mrs. James Shaw, of Surveyor, motored to Snow Shoe Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Davis and daughter Mae, of Munson, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Quick.

Reynolds Quick has returned home after visiting his grand-parents, Mr. and Mrs. Davis, of Munson, for quite a long period.

Miss Edwina Griest, of Osceola, is visiting at the home of her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Barclaugh.

Mrs. Anna Price and son, Louis, and Mrs. Verina Shaw spent Sunday with relatives at Osceola Mills.

Mr. and Mrs. William Howell spent Sunday at the home of Mrs. Howell's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bottroff, of Runville.

Miss Marie Bergoon, of Panama, is visiting her friend, Miss Mary Redding.

Mrs. Clair Hall and son, of Olanta, are visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hall.

Robert Malone and daughter Marcella attended the commencement exercises of the Bellefonte High school of which their son William, was a graduate.

Miss Bernice Hall, is visiting relatives in Spangler.

C. A. Boyd, former proprietor of a barbering establishment here, recently enlisted at Philadelphia in a field ambulance organization. The corps is now taking a six weeks course in training at Allentown, preparatory to their departure for France.

George Fravel, a veteran of the Civil war has excellent claims to being considered the most able bodied and industrious octogenarian in the county. During the late warm spell he was busily engaged in roofing his large and high two-story residence. And he made a good job of it, too.

Mrs. Stifler, the wife of Rev. J. M. Stifler, a Baptist minister of Evanston, Ill., a suburb of Chicago, has been spending some weeks at the home of her father, Rev. W. C. Burnley, pastor of the M. E. church. Mrs. Stifler is a scientist and instructor of note. She is a graduate of the Woman's College of Baltimore and was there on a scholarship. She studied chemistry at Bryn Mawr, and later in Europe. She was professor of chemistry a number of years at Vassar College whence she was recalled to Bryn Mawr to the important work of verifying chemical formula, in which it is said she discovered some errors of importance.

Contractor W. R. Quick is laid off with a sore knee.

Work has begun on the new R. C. church.

Some of the young men of this place are talking of a speedy departure to serve their country in France.

At the recent High School commencement Principal Orr paid a high tribute to the two young ladies of the graduating class, Misses Minnie and Margaretta Dougherty. He said: "I should fall a little short of my responsibilities—should be somewhat derilect in duty—should I fail to bear testimony to the worth and accomplishment of the two young ladies of this class, two better students will not be graduated in all the schools of this great commonwealth than these. If the Snow Shoe High School should never turn out another graduate its existence has been justified. During the past two years, of which I can speak from personal experience, these young ladies have exhibited a whole galaxy of student virtues and accomplishments. They have always been punctual, diligent and studious. With it all they have been modest, considerate, courteous, cheerful, faithful a whole cycle of virtues based on soundness of intellect and goodness of heart. I am glad to bear teatimony to their unusual and surpassing merit, and circumstances have by no means greatly favored them. On the slight shoulders of these young girls has devolved the care of a house—the making of a home, and they do their duty there. You have earned your diplomas."

Hannah Margaret Gill Dead.

Saturday morning at 3 o'clock Mrs. Hannah Margaret Gill died at the home of her son-in-law, M. M. Morris, on north Thomas street, Bellefonte. She was the widow of the late Joseph Gill who was well known up through Bald Eagle. She was the daughter of the late Reuben Iddings who resided at Plumb Grove, this county. The deceased was born September 14th, 1848, making her age 68 years, 6 months and 2 days. She was a fine, christian woman and had many warm friends. She is survived by the following children: Mrs. J. T. McManigal, Altoona; Mrs. M. M. Morris, Bellefonte; Mrs. Mollie Tallhelm, Julian; Reuben Alexander, Julian; and also by the following sisters and brother, Mrs. Carrie Fisher, Wingate; Mrs. Alma White, Columbus, O., and P. B. Iddings, Bellefonte.

Read "The Republican." $1.50 a year.

Howard.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward Confer visited several days with friends in Altoona.

John Turner, who is employed at Tyrone, was an over Sunday guest with his sister.

Miss Clara Kurtz returned to her home in Williamsport Friday after spending ten days with her brother, Dr. Walter Kurtz.

Charles Candy, of Tyrone, was a Sunday guest of relatives here.

Miss Josephine Groff, of Mt. Union, is spending this week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Solt.

Mrs. S. E. Allison, of Seaman, Ohio, arrived Monday night and expects to spend some time with her brother, H. T. McDowell, and other relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Clemens and daughter, of Williamsport, were over Sunday guests of Mrs. Clemens' mother, Mrs. George Dietz.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Hannon and daughter, of Philipsburg, were over Sunday guests with his mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Hannon.

Mrs. W. F. Hall was a Bellefonte shopper Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Barr and little daughter, of Juniata, are spending several days this week with Mrs. Barr's parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Neff.

Miss Bessie Wyland is visiting her sister, Mrs. Ray Kunes, at Blanchard, this week.

John Williams is spending several days with his brother, at Altoona.

Misses Hilda Walizer and Vina Butler left Wednesday for Grampian and Altoona where they will spend several weeks with relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Green, Rev. Gross, wife and daughter, motored to Sunbury Wednesday and will remain for a few days with friends.

T. A. Pletcher went to Baltimore Monday to bring home his father-in-law, William Schenck, who has been in the hospital there for some time. We are glad to say he is very much improved and looking fine.

Mrs. Mary DeHaas returned home Thursday from Williamsport were she had been with her daughter.

Miss Martha Glenn, of Curtin, was an over Sunday guest of Mrs. Hilda Walizer.

Some of our Y. W. C. A. girls attended the picnic at State College Saturday and one of our girls won second prize.

The Y. W. C. A. girls will hold a festival Saturday, June 23rd, for the benefit of the American Red Cross. Music by the Howard band. Everybody invited.

Don't forget the sacred band concert Sunday evening at 7.30. The ministers will be present.

Port Matilda.

Walter H. Bennett, of Tyrone, visited relatives in town last week.

O. C. Johnson and wife spent Saturday and Sunday with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Johnson.

Stewart Jones and wife, of Philipsburg, visited relatives in town Saturday and Sunday.

Gilbert Eller and family motored to Altoona Sunday.

A. B. Bennett and family visited Mr. and Mrs. William Bennett Sunday.

R. E. Shively and family spent a few days of last week at Glen Iron.

Mrs. C. R. Richards and children, of Lock Haven, visited relatives in town last week.

Mrs. Verna Stoner, of Altoona, visited relatives in town last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Harpster, wife and daughter, Alice, of Bald Eagle, were in town last week.

T. A. Crawshaw, of Philipsburg, is visiting Mrs. Sara Harpster.

J. M. Williams and wife, Misses Florence and Mabel Williams and Zenova Miles and Mrs. H. M. Crain motored to Tyrone Tuesday evening.

Miss Alma Hall, of Unionville, visited her sister, Mrs. Geo. Young, Sunday.

W. W. Shultz made a business trip to Tyrone Tuesday.

A. C. Thompson, of Philipsburg, was in town Monday evening.

The Children's day service held in the Methodist Episcoral church Sunday was the best they ever held. The program was rather lengthy but did not tire the audience. The church was filled to its utmost capacity there being 425 or 450 people present.

D. B. Zones Dead.

Daniel B. Zones died in the Clearfield, hospital on Sunday of complications of diseases from which he had been a sufferer for over four months. Deceased was a son of Hiram and Eliza Zones, of Boalsburg, Centre county. He was born at Boalsburg in 1880 and for several years had resided in Tyrone. He is survived by his parents, his wife, Mrs. Nellie Richardson Zones and the following brothers and sister: Peter Zones, State College; Mrs. Anna Zeigler, Altoona, and Mrs. John Blair, Altoona. He was a member of the Lutheran church.

Accidents will happen, but the best regulated families keep Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil for such emergencies. Two sizes 25c and 50c at all stores.

Boalsburg.

Edward Tussey, of Tyrone, was a guest at the William Goheen home over Sunday.

John D. Patterson is visiting relatives in Altoona.

Mr. and Mrs. James Reed spent Saturday at Bellefonte.

Misses Gladys Hazel and Rhoda Courtney and Russell Ishler and Riley Stover, all of this place, graduated from the State College High School on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Howard Dry and son, of Tyrone, spent several days last week with the former's aunt, Mrs. William Stover.

Miss Nan McWilliams, of Rock Springs, visited her sister, Mrs. Ralph Musser, recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Clement Dale, of Houserville, spent Sunday at the home of A. W. Dale.

Misses Emmeline and Virginia Hess, of Shingletown, spent Wednesday of last week with their aunt, Mrs. George Shugarts.

Mrs. John Horner and daughter spent Sunday at the home of Cyrus Confer.

Mrs. C. L. Mothersbaugh visited her son Keller, at Hepburnville, recently.

Mrs. F. M. Charles visited relatives at State College part of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Roberts and two sons, of Pitcairn, moved to this place last Thursday. The Roberts family moved here with the hope of benefitting Mrs. Roberts who has had ill health for some time. After getting their furniture in place Mr. Roberts will return to his place of work at Pitcairn.

Advertise in "The Republican."

William Tanyer Dead.

William Tanyer, of Bald Eagle, and a brother of Mrs. Henry Newman, of Julian, died Saturday morning in the Altoona hospital as a climax to a dreadful accident that occurred in Tyrone on Memorial Day when he was frightfully burned in front of Gill's garage.

He was employed at the West Virginia Pulp and Paper Mill and had gone to Tyrone for gasoline to operate his motorcycle. After he had filled the tank a small portion remained in the funnel and in order not to let the fluid run over the machine he tossed it in the air. A portion fell on his clothing which in time would have evaporated and passed off without any serious results, but the rider immediately struck a match to light a cigar and an explosion occurred. In an instant the young man and the machine were a mass of flames. Men standing nearby rendered assistance and saved the young man from being burned to death on the spot. He was taken to the Altoona hospital where he passed through two weeks of untold agony.

William Tanyer was a kind, generous young man, and possessed one of those sweet, open-hearted dispositions that won him friends wherever he traveled. He was a member of the Bald Eagle Methodist church and an active member of the Blazing Arrow tribe of Red Men.

He was a son of Mrs. Rebecca Tanyer, of Bald Eagle and was born in 1894. Deceased is survived by the following brothers and sisters: Aquitta and Joseph, of Bald Eagle; John, Mrs. Harry Irvin, of Northwood; Mrs. Henry Newman, of Julian; Mrs. William Valentine, of Altoona.

Death of John M. Sourbeck.

John M. Sourbeck, a young man well known in Bellefonte, passed away in the local hospital at 2 o'clock last Thursday afternoon. Very few people knew of his illness thus his death came to many as a surprise and a shock. He had been suffering for three weeks with a bad cold which finally terminated in pneumonia. He was the son of John D. and Catherine Sourbeck, and last April he was 39 years of age. He was born and raised in Bellefonte and was well known here. For years he had been associated in business with his father and the customers always found him to be courteous and obliging. He possessed a warm sympathetic heart and did many things that were commendable. Early in life he was united in marriage to Miss Emma McClincy, who died a year or so latter. To this union there was one son, Joseph Sourbeck, who was raised by the parents, of the deceased, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Sourbeck. He recently enlisted in the United States Navy and therefore was not present at the funeral. The deceased was married the second time to Miss Margaret Gregg, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Gregg. His mother died several years ago and besides his father and one sister, Mrs. Herbert Bellringer, of Jamaca, N. Y., he is survived his wife and the following children: Dorothy, Herbert, Mary, John, Julia and Emma. The funeral was held Saturday morning at 9 o'clock from the Catholic church. Interment in the Catholic cemetery.

Died in Kansas City.

Mrs. Lydia Musser, widow of George Musser, died recently in Kansas City, Mo., at the age of 90 years. Her maiden name was Condo, and she was born in Aaronsburg. The family moved to Illinois in 1864 and farmed near Orangeville for many years then moved to Orangeville, where the husband died about fourteen years ago. Four months ago Mrs. Musser fell and fractured her hip, which was the cause of her death.

Mrs. Anna J. Blair Dead.

Mrs. Anna J. Blair, wife of the late Darius G. Blair, died at 8.45 o'clock last Thursday morning at her home at Tyrone, on North Pennsylvania avenue, from pneumonia. Three weeks ago she took a heavy cold, and her physical condition being weak, pneumonia developed, which caused her death. Mrs. Blair was a daughter of David (deceased) and Mary Gates, and was born on October 17, 1872, in Centre Line, Centre county. On August 23, 1900, she was united in marriage with Darius Blair at Bellefonte, and resided here until the family went to Tyrone five years ago. Her husband preceded her to the grave October 23, 1916. Surviving to mourn her death are these children: Florence B., LeRoy C., Clair H., and Merill G., all at home. She is also survived by her mother and the following brothers and sisters; Mrs. Frank Smith, of Hasting, Pa.; Charles L. Gates, Miss Hannah M. Gates, and Miss Ella A. Gates, all of Bellefonte; Mrs. Emma Dixon, of Johnstown; Mrs. Sarah C. Kusterbauder, of Warriorsmark; B. G. Gates, Lewistown; Mrs. Wilda E. Young, Altoona, and E. E. Gates, of Lupton, California.

In the passing away of this good woman, four little children are left without either parent. Mrs. Blair was a thorough Christian woman and a member of the First Lutheran church. Funeral services were held at 2.30 o'clock Saturday afternoon in the First Lutheran church in charge of Rev. J. P. Miller. Interment was made in Grandview cemetery.

Death of Margaret Robison.

Following an illness of eight months or more with complications, Mrs. Margaret A. Robison, wife of Edward Robison, died at 7 o'clock on Friday evening, at her home in Philipsburg. Deceased, whose maiden name was Miss Margaret A. Griffin, was born at Stormstown on December 25th, 1844, making her age 72 years, 5 months and 20 days.

On January 4th, 1866, she was married to Edward Robison, and during most of the interval resided in Philipsburg. Beside her husband she is survived by the following sons and daughters, viz: Mrs. W. P. Bock, Newbery; William B., Tyrone; Brandon D., Pittsburgh, and Barney and Miss Effie B., at home. She also leaves two brothers and one sister, J. H. and Jacob Griffin, of Stormstown, and Mrs. David L. Kennedy, of Cumberland, Md. Mrs. Robison was an affectionate wife and mother, a kind neighbor and a great home-loving woman. Her many excellent qualities endeared her to a large circle of friends.

The funeral was held Wednesday, Rev. H. A. Buffington, of the U. B. church, officiating, with interment in the Philipsburg cemetery.

Death of Emily Knuppenburg.

At her home in Saltsburg, Mrs. Emily Knuppenburg, aged 80 years, 2 months and 6 days, died on June 3rd, of pneumonia. She was born in Centre county. Her husband, Hiram Knuppenburg, died thirty-two years ago. She was a member of the Methodist Episcopal church for many long years. Surviving are these children: Mrs. J. F. Byers, of Saltsburg, at whose home she died; Mrs. J. W. Bowman, of Spring Mills; Mrs. Alice Turner, of Bellwood; Mrs. Ida Henry, of Jenners; U. G., of Avonmore; Wilmer, of Duncansville.

Real Estate Transfers.

Recorder William H. Brown has recorded the following real estate transfers:

Daniel Moore, et ux, to O. Perry Sharer, tract in Taylor Twp.; $500.

Thomas G. McCausland, et al, to Lizzie Staffanichun, tract in Rush Twp.; $95.

Nittany Valley R. R. Co., to O. J. McNitt, tract in Centre County; $1.

Edward A. McAvoy, et al, to Mikolas Ospiwicus, tract in Rush Twp.; $200.

Jacob Tubowntzki to Gust Tubowntski, tract in Rush Twp.; $63.

Harry Barger to Curt Moore, tract in Rush Twp.; $1.

John Gilson, et ux, to Lorenzo Sharpless, tract in Rush Twp.; $45.

Robert Reitz, et ux, to Theodore D. Boal, tract in Harris Twp.; $325.

Jas. L. Sommerville, Exrs., to C. S. Thomas, tract in Rush Twp.; $650.

P. H. Williams, et ux, to R. F. Williams, tract in Philipsburg; $125.

Wm. T. Leathers' heirs to Wm. H. Adams, tract in Howard Twp.; $50.

Bald Eagle Stock Farm to Wm. H. Adams, tract in Howard Twp.; $4600

Charles A. Klinger, et ux, to Theodore D. Boal, tract in Harris Twp.; $1850.

Robt. H. Sommerville, et ux, to John S. Lambert, et al, tract in Bellefonte; $200.

Unclaimed Letters.

The following letters remain unclaimed in the Bellefonte postoffice:—

Walter Bathurst, Angelo Defario, E. A. Garman, Mr. and Mrs. William Hall, J. E. Leonard, E. G. Mathews, R. Scott, Dr. Benjamin W. Van Riper, Miss Lillian Walker. When called for please say advertised.

To Shingle Users.

We have succeeded in securing several car loads of the famous Pacific Coast Red Cedar shingles. Send in your orders while they last.

P. B. CRIDER & SON,
Bellefonte.

RED, WHITE AND BLUE CHOCOLATES

29c Pound
For Genuine 50c Quality

Luscious, melt-in-your-mouth chocolates—temptingly packed in a beautiful RED, WHITE and BLUE box. The equal of ANY 50c chocolates you ever tasted, or your money back instantly!

Nut, Fruit & Cordial Centers

Heavily Coated with Smooth, Delicious Chocolate

Enormous production in the largest, most sanitary factory in the world making chocolate specialties enables you to buy these high-grade chocolates at this low price. Better take a few pounds while they last.

Green's Pharmacy Co.
Bellefonte - - Pa.

Market Quotations.

(Corrected by Weaver Bro. Grocers)

Butter	30
Eggs	35

GRAIN MARKET
(Corrected by Gamble & Gheen)

Wheat	$2.00
Corn	1.50
Oats	70
Rye	1.00

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that Mollie L. Valentine, of Bellefonte, Centre county, has filed in the Department of Internal Affairs, under date of June 7, 1917, an application for warrant to survey five acres and ninety-two perches of improved vacant land, situated in the township of Benner and county of Centre, bounded northerly by land warranted to William Connely under date of December 5, 1799; easterly by land warranted to Henry Miller under date of July 19, 1773; southerly by land warranted to Henry Miller under date of July 19, 1773, and westerly by land warranted to Andrew Coon under date of January 13, 1773.

JAMES H. CRAIG
Deputy Secretary of Internal Affairs.
Harrisburg, Pa. June 8, 1917.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

In the estate of Rev. John L. Metzger deceased.

Whereas letters testamentary on the estate of Rev. John L. Metzger, late of Reberburg Centre County, Pa. deceased have been granted to the undersigned residing in Carlisle Pa. All persons knowing themselves to be indebted to said estate will make payment immediately, and those having claims against the estate will present them for settlement to,

J. D. HEMMINGER.
EXECUTOR.
CARLISLE, PA.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Christian Sharer.

Letters of administration on the estate of Christian Sharer, deceased, late of Taylor Township, Centre County, Pennsylvania, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment and those having claims or demands to mail or present the same duly authenticated to R. H. Gilbert, Esq., Tyrone, Pa.

EVE SHARER
CALVIN M. SHARER
Administrators.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of John G. Dubbs, late of Spring township, deceased.

Letters testamentary on the Estate of John G. Dubbs, late of Spring Township, Centre County, Pennsylvania, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay.

JOHN E. DUBBS,
Executor.
Bellefonte, Pa.

W. Harrison Walker,
Attorney for the Estate
Bellefonte, Pa.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of George E. Knarr, late of Liberty Township, deceased.

Letters testamentary on the above named estate, have been granted to the undersigned to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment and those having claims or demands to make known the same without delay.

ROSA B. KNARR,
Executrix,
Blanchard, Pa.

GETTIG & BOWER,
Attorneys,
Bellefonte, Pa.

Farms for Sale

63 acres, 3 miles from Juniata, good buildings, stock, crops, and machinery for only $5,000.

75 acres, near Grafton, fair buildings, good fruit of all kinds, stock and machinery for $3,500.

113 acres near Spruce Creek, good buildings, orchard, 20 acres wheat, hay and straw for $6,300, cash $3,000.

204 acres, 104 clear, 5½ miles from Huntingdon, good buildings, good timber, orchard, for $5,500, cash $3,000.

126 acres, 1½ miles from paved streets of city, good buildings of all kinds, spring water, fruit, for $9,500, cash $5,000; will exchange for west side property.

147 acres, near Brooks Mills good buildings, good orchard, for $9,500 part cash.

141 acres, 4 miles north of Petersburg, fair buildings, good orchard, for $4,500.

140 acres, ¼ mile from McConnelstown, good buildings, timber, fruit, near all level for $5,500, half cash.

143 acres, 2 miles from Roaring Spring, fair buildings, 2 good orchards, $7,500, cash $2,500.

178 acres, 75 clear, 2 miles from Mapleton, good buildings, for $5,500, cash $3,500.

130 acres, 1½ miles from Bellwood, fair buildings, old and young orchard, for $4,700, cash $1,800, possession in 30 days.

260 acres, 2 miles from Spruce Creek, good outbuildings, 2 orchards, level running water, for $12,750, half cash.

120 acres, 2 miles from Petersburg, good buildings, good orchard, spring water, for $4,000.

153 acres, 2 miles from McConnelstown, good buildings, orchard, level for $4,50 , cash $2,500.

100 acres, 3 miles from Alexandria, good buildings, good orchard, water in house for $3,500, cash $2,000.

Write us your wants. We have many large and small farms for sale; also city property. We option and sell farms, timber lands, city property lots or anything in real estate.

Altoona Real Estate Brokers
Rooms 30 and 31, Goldschmid Building
11th Ave. and 12th St., Altoona, Pa.
R. C. CORRELL - - J. S. BAYER
Bell phone, 1644

Harsh physics react, weaken the bowels, will lead to chronic constipation. Doan's Regulets operate easily. 25c a box at all stores.

Escaped Prisoner.

A prisoner escaped from the Western Penitentiary on Tuesday and the officers are now after him. His name is Allie Hammond. He was sent to the penitentiary from Somerset County for two years and not more than three years He is 22 years of age and about 5 feet in height. He was working near Rock Forge when he took a notion to walk off.

Parochial School Commencement.

The Commencement exercises of the Bellefonte Saint John's Parochial School took place this (Thursday) morning with a Solemn High Mass in Saint John's church. The sermon on the occasion was delivered by Rev. C. W. Gallagher.

Penny-A-Word Column

ARCHITECT—Anna W. Keichline, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR SALE—Dwelling house; good surroundings. T. A. Hugg, Milesburg.

FOR SALE—1 good gasoline lighting system. T. A. Hugg, Milesburg.

FOR RENT—Desirable house, with bath. Inquire of A. E. Schad, Bellefonte, Pa.

Fire insurance and automobile at a reduced rate.
4-mo J. M. KEICHLINE, Agent.

FOR SALE—Building lots for sale or rent. Inquire Green's Pharmacy Co., Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR SALE—A Maxwell touring car—1915 model. Inquire of Montgomery & Co., Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR RENT—6-room house on east Lamb street, Bellefonte. $8.25 per month. Inquire of Mrs. James Sharp, Lamb St

LET MADAM KOSMOS—Help you by giving your Life Prediction. Send birth date and time. E. K. KOSMOS, Box 291, Louisville, Ky.

FOR SALE.—One hundred acres, more or less, adjoining the borough of Milesburg. Inquire at Green's Pharmacy, Bellefonte, Pa.

SINGLE MEN—Tenant men wanted on farms at once. Come prepared to start work; $30 to $45 per month. Empire Agency, 140 Castle St., Geneva, N. Y.

FOR SALE—Walnut bed room suite with a marble top bureau and washstand. Inquire of Mrs. Chas. Segner, Boalsburg, Pa.

AGENTS.—Big pay and automobile furnished free to agents placing sample of new necessity with automobile owners. Address President, Oroio Manufacturing Co., Louisville, Ky.

FOR SALE—$100.00 Typewriter, Remington No. 10 Visible, slightly used, as good as new. Must sell quick. $65.00. J. H. Engel, 527 Pine St., Williamsport, Pa.

FOR SALE—One good as new (used 4 days) Keeler boiler; 400 square feet of actual radiation and a commercial rating 530 square feet.

T. A. Hugg, Milesburg.

FOR SALE—Five lots on North Spring Street, Bellefonte, 42½x200 feet, with large shade trees in front; also 100 acres, more or less, adjoining Milesburg borough. Inquire of Green's Pharmacy, Bellefonte, Pa.

LOST—Black cow, with mark about the size of an egg on left jaw. Strayed away two or three days ago and probably has calf by this time. Any information leave at Budinger & Co. Store at Clarence, or Cato Store, at Cato.—Steve Seposh, Cato, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED—Free to demonstrators Ovee Vacuum Butter Maker. New marvelous invention Makes butter 4c. pound. Retails $1.50. Saves its cost first 10 minutes. Thousands will be sold. $25 daily easy. Act quick. Ovee Manufacturing Company, Louisville, Kentucky.

AGENTS WANTED—$25 to $50 Weekly in a business of your own. Don't be an Agent. Start in the Gold, Silver, Nickel etc. Plating Business. Prof. Gray's outfits are practical and complete. Work easy, profit enormous. Every family, restaurant, shop has tableware, jewelry, metal goods of all kinds to be re-plated. Every other business over-crowded—no plating shops. A grand opening in your section. Will you grasp it? Address today. GRAY & CO., Plating Works, 150 Gray Bldg., CINCINNATI O.

My Decision

A Story of Romance Versus the Practical.

By ALAN HINSDALE

Of all the girls of our bunch I preferred Gwen Meriweather. Gwen had character stamped in her face as plainly as the word may be printed. But she was, or seemed to me to be, devoid of sentiment. I was full of it. I fell in love with her, and since she was devoid of what was born in me I endowed her with it. For this purpose I had plenty of imagination and succeeded in covering her with an ideality which she did not possess.

It is said, and I believe it, that opposites are readily attracted to each other. At any rate, Gwen and I paired off. It was not long before I was making love at high pressure. Gwen did not seem averse to listening to my rhapsodies, but she made no return in kind. Besides, she showed her matter-of-factness in other ways. For instance, I gave her a book rack, handsomely inlaid, one of those contrivances to put on a stand to hold a dozen or so choice books. Not long afterward her little brother knocked it off the stand and broke it. I told Gwen that I would have it mended for her. She said that it would cost more to mend it than it would be worth.

This reply was a great shock to me. I had supposed that the gift, coming from me, would be of inexpressible value to her. Gwen looking at it in a pecuniary way rather than prizing it as an expression of my tender feelings for her seemed to me to be barbarous. I made no complaint. I simply went off and nursed my wound.

When I entered seriously with Gwen into a discussion of a future together she again threw a damper on me. She poo-poohed my talk about love in a cottage—poverty she called it—and brought up many objections to a match between us. I was so inflated by my romance that nothing seemed to stand in the way of our union. I told her that with love in our hearts objections were of no moment whatever. Her reply was, "When poverty comes in at the door love flies out of the window."

This was all the more chilling to me because there were no important worldly reasons why Gwen and I should not be married. I was in receipt of an income on property to enable us to live comfortably. I had, besides, a good salary and was advancing as rapidly as was to be expected. I have noticed that women have a way of saying one thing and meaning another. Gwen's real objection to marrying me came out in good time. She saw plainly that I had set her upon a pedestal as an object of worship, and she feared that when the time came—as it inevitably must come—for taking down the gilded image and putting up one of flesh and blood my love would not prove to be of the kind to endure the change.

This was the way Gwen expressed it to me: "You have mistaken me," she said. "You consider me generous, unselfish. On the contrary, I am mean and never give anything away that I want myself. Besides, I have traits inherited from my ancestors that would turn any man from me whose love was of the most substantial kind."

I was a bit staggered by this confession, but not for long. My optimistic disposition rose above fear that I would not love Gwen even if she were all she painted herself, and I told her so in most impassioned words, at the same time lavishing upon her an abundance of caresses. But she disengaged herself from me, avowing that at the first sign of a real fault in her my caresses would turn to expressions of contempt.

One day when Gwen and I were walking together we came to a fruit stand kept by a poor woman who was evidently obliged to keep her little child with her while selling her goods. Gwen took a fancy to some apples and asked the woman their price. Instead of paying it Gwen endeavored to beat the vendor down and, failing to do so, walked on without buying. I was so filled with commiseration for a woman whose sphere in life condemned her to make her living in such an humble way, especially as she was obliged to keep a hungry looking child with her while doing so, that I would have been glad to pay double the price she asked for her apples.

I said nothing to Gwen about the matter then, but I thought a great deal. After all, was she not right in asserting that after we were married her faults would come up to make trouble between us? She had said that she was very mean and when a time came had not scrupled to show that meanness. While I was repelled at her fault, I could not but admire her frankness and her wisdom at hesitating to marry a man who was ignorant of it.

Gwen and I were invited to spend a couple of weeks in midsummer at the country residence of a friend of hers. Gwen and Miss Emily Tucker had been schoolmates, and I did not doubt that Miss Tucker possessed my fiancee's confidence to a far greater degree than I did, for if there are two persons in the world who are bent on withholding confidence from each other they are an engaged couple. I know perfectly well that Gwen gave her friend a list of my good and bad qualities and certain other information about me that she would not mention to me.

One evening I was sitting in the gloaming in the drawing room while the girls were upstairs in their rooms dressing for dinner. I heard a light step on the stairs, and a moment later Gwen entered the room where I was. I was sitting in a dark corner, and she apparently did not see me. There was a case of curios in the room, some of which were very rare and some very beautiful. Gwen went to this case and took from it a tiny statuette, for which she had expressed admiration. She concealed it in her drapery and a few minutes later passed out of the room.

Heaven preserve me! My fiancee was a thief—a thief who would steal from her bosom friend, who, at the time of the theft, was entertaining her. Never before or since have I experienced such a shock. Surely this was too much. I could bear with faults in a wife, but not with ingratitude and dishonesty. The only redeeming point about my fiancee's actions was that she hesitated to drag me down to her level. She shrank from marrying a man who adored her, he to find out what she was when it was too late.

With all my own faults, I am certainly conscientious. I mean by this if I do wrong I don't attempt to excuse myself. I deemed it my duty to inform my hostess that she was harboring a serpent in my fiancee. But I found it very difficult to do this. It involved my first informing Gwen that I had seen her steal. There was a remote possibility that she could explain her act, but I could not see how she could do so satisfactorily.

When dinner was announced I dreaded to go into the dining room. Pulling myself together I did so. And that there was something on my mind was very apparent. There were others present besides the two girls, and all were dampened by my saying nothing and looking as if I had received a stab. When the dinner was over Gwen led me into the drawing room and, turning to me, said:

"Something troubles you. Tell me what it is."

I stammered an account of my being in the drawing room alone in the gloaming, of her entry and, supposing that she was unobserved, of my seeing her appropriate the statuette.

"It is well," she said, "that you have discovered a serious blemish in me before tying yourself up to me for life. My maternal grandmother was a kleptomaniac. Had she not been a lady she would have doubtless spent the most of her life in prison. Since she was a lady she was followed by a woman employed to return what she stole or pay the bills. I should have had the strength to tell you that I have inherited this mania, that you might cast me off. I can only say that I had not the moral strength to do so."

Here was a failing which, being inherited, Gwen was not responsible for. If she should become a confirmed invalid, loving her as I did I would not hesitate to marry her and devote my life to her care. Should I cast her off for this other physical defect, for which she was no more accountable than the other?

I walked away from her to another part of the room. This matter was of too much importance for me to decide on impulse. After pacing back and forth a few minutes I stopped before Gwen, who had sunk upon a sofa, and said to her;

"Gwen, give me till tomorrow to decide what course I shall take in this matter."

She made no reply, but left the room.

Later Emily Tucker came in and said to me:

"What has happened?"

"I can't tell you now. I must have till tomorrow morning."

She, too, retired, and again I was alone. Taking my hat and cane, I left the house that I might have the dome of heaven under which to think. I did not return till near midnight. Seeing a light in Gwen's room, I called to her softly. The window was open, and she heard me.

"I have decided," I said. "Come down and I will tell you."

She had not gone to bed and in a few minutes came down on to the porch, where I was, and, approaching, stopped a short distance from me.

"I love you so well that I can't give you up," I said. "In screening you from the consequences of your misfortune I shall be far happier than passing a lifetime without you."

I supposed that she would stand mute. I would approach her and take her in my arms; her head would drop on my breast in token that she accepted the sacrifice. What was my astonishment when she broke into a laugh. And I was still more surprised to hear it echoed from an upper window. I recognized the echo as Emily's.

"Stupid," Gwen said to me, "how could you have been deceived by such a shallow trick? My kleptomaniac grandmother was a minister's wife and inherited nothing but goodness. When I entered the drawing room this evening I knew you were there and took the statuette on purpose that you should see me. I carried it to Em and told her that I had given your romance a severe test. I am happy that you have stood it valiantly."

For the next two hours we relapsed into billing and cooing.

I am free to confess that Gwen's commonsense and practicability have counted for far more than my romance. I have missed a certain companionship of appreciation in my wife, but one may enjoy ideality alone, while management is necessary for all parties concerned. Whenever I have talked "in the clouds" Gwen has taken me by the coattail and pulled me down to earth. When fits of generosity that we could not afford have seized upon me Gwen has locked up the family purse where I could not get at it. Every year that we have lived together has found us in better condition than the year before. Our prosperity is entirely due to my wife's management.

AVOID PREJUDICE.

It Is an Evil Thing That Warps Judgment and Breeds Injustice.

Prejudice is an insidious thing. It creeps into the soul unaware. It leads us to say and do wrong things; it warps our judgment and leads to injustice, unkindness and even cruelty. It paves the way for hatred and malice. In proportion as we learn to clear our minds of prejudice we become better men and women; we win friends and dissolve enmities; we are more worthy of respect and confidence.

No one wants to be judged by false standards that prejudice sets up. Beware of judging others in such a light. Prejudice cramps the mind and the heart; it stands in the way of rightful growth of character. It is wise to search your heart and if you find prejudice there to set about to root it out wholly.

Do not be sure you of all men are unprejudiced. That is the danger, for prejudice is guarded by vanity. Seek to be just in all things, small as well as great. In all the relations of life be sure you are not judging another, not for his error, but from your prejudice. For the worst thing about this weakness is that it breeds injustice and unkindness and malice. It hurts innocent folk and makes no one happier.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

SNOW CAPPED ARARAT.

It Overlooks the Lands of the "Czar, the Sultan and the Shah."

Great Ararat, which shoulders its way some 17,000 feet up into the Armenian sky and looks down on the lands of the "czar, the sultan and the shah," although so truly the rallying point, as it were, for the Armenian people, is quite unknown to the native Armenian by this name.

The people who actually dwell within sight of its great snow capped dome, who look out toward it over the plain from Erivan, some thirty miles away to the north, or from the frontier mountain slopes away to the south call it by a variety of names. If they are Armenians they call it "Massis;" if Turks, "Aghri Dagh," and if Persians, "Koh-i-Nuh," or the "Mountain of Noah."

There are really, of course, two mountains, or, rather, there is one vast mass out of which rise two peaks, "their bases confluent at a height of 8,800 feet, their summits about seven miles apart."

Little Ararat, upon whose slopes it is that the territories of the three kingdoms actually meet, is some 4,000 feet lower than its big brother, but none the less, with its 12,840 feet, it is "none so little."—Argonaut.

New England's Charms.

"I have summered the New Englanders and wintered them; they wear,' says Rollin Lynde Hartt in the Century. "I have fought with them and made it up. I have tried Montana—Paris, too—and been willing to return. Nowhere am I freer. One can spend little or much, dress as he chooses, know whom he will, devour beans or spurn them, dig potatoes, clams or Greek roots, and be 'a man for a' that' among friends somewhat slow to take hold, but incapable of letting go. As warm hearted as the Montanians, they are as liberal; at moments I have come near saying, 'The further east you go the further west you get.' I love the west. I love the south. Accident, not choice, brought me to New England. In her own quaint phrase, I like here."

The Great Tropical Belt.

Between the thirtieth parallel of north latitude, which runs through New Orleans, north Africa, northern India and southern China, and the thirtieth parallel of south latitude, which cuts through southern Brazil, the southern tip of Africa and the southern part of Australia, is half the land area of the world outside the polar regions and one-half the world's population. Yet the commerce of this great tropical belt, with half the land area and half the world population, is but one-sixth that of the international commerce of the world, and it has but one-seventh of the world's railways despite the fact that the temperate zones are anxiously calling for its products of food and manufacturing material.

Where We Aim.

William Dean Howells in one of his talks about literature said: "Good literature is always condemned on its first appearance. That is because, being original, it is new and strange. Shelley's work was bitterly condemned at first. So was Coleridge's. So was Wordsworth's. So was Stephen Crane's." Mr. Howells paused, then added impressively, "Stones are only thrown at those trees which are heavy with fruit."

Not Melodiously Gifted.

"Don't you love our song, 'The Star Spangled Banner?'"

"I do," replied Senator Sorghum.

"Then why don't you join in the chorus?"

"My friend, the way for me to show real affection for a song is not to try to sing it."—Washington Star.

A Scientific Question.

"Nothing is ever totally lost or destroyed," said the professor of physics.

"In that case," said the simple and frank person, "how do you explain the fact that everybody loses umbrellas and you never meet anybody who has found one?"

Quite Natural.

"The people in the flat opposite bought their piano at auction."

"I suspected as much; it's 'going, going, going' all the time."—Boston Transcript.

Obstreperous Jim

Story of a Farmer Boy.

By F. A. MITCHEL

There are two things that especially interest me. One is gardening, the other automobiling. In these I have found occupation and amusement after retiring from business, though I am free to confess that since gardening is confined to a portion of the year and one can go motoring at any time I have done more of the latter than the former.

It is in the spring that I have found comfort in my garden. I prepare my ground early, and then when the first warm days come on I start out on a brief tour in my car, for experience has taught me that "one swallow does not make a summer," and I have obtained better results by refraining from planting till later when more reliance is to be placed on the continued warmth of the sun germinating my seed than by putting it in when cold is liable to follow heat.

But there is work in gardening, and motoring is all pleasure. Therefore I confess I prefer the latter.

One morning I stopped at a farmhouse for water for my radiator. The farmer came out, took a bucket, pumped the water and insisted on pouring it into my tank. Before leaving him I indulged him in conversation, for I have noticed that if there is one thing a farmer likes it is to talk.

This is natural. A countryman does not mingle in the hurly burly of city life. The city man comes home in the evening having had more talk than he has needed and prefers to sit down and be quiet. But the farmer is in a great measure cut off from all interchange of thought with his fellow men. If he can get a city man to swap ideas with him he will talk or listen, as his makeup impels, till the cows come home.

"You seem to have a great variety of produce on your farm," I said to the farmer.

"Yes," he said, "we have. We're near enough to the city for a market, and we put in a lot of different things, so that if some fail we don't make a dead loss."

At that moment a sturdy boy of five came out of the house and stood looking admiringly at my machine.

"Your boy?" I asked the farmer.

"I'm his granddad."

"What would the world be without the children?" I observed.

"You're right there, stranger," said the old man. "The only trouble about children is to understand 'em. We don't consider that they're children and not men and women. Consequence is we rub 'em the wrong way. And I've noticed that sometimes the most obstreperous turn out the best. We send 'em to school, and if they learn easy we think they're fine. If they don't we think they're no good.

"I was readin' about the big inventor t'other day—the man they call the wizard, and it said when he was a little feller his teacher took him to his mother and told her the boy was a dunce. The mother took the job o' teachin' him herself, but I reckon that boy was born to teach other people, for that's what he's been doin' ever since.

"I never had any trouble with any o' my children, except my boy Jim, the father o' this little shaver here. The fault with Jim was that when he got to be thirteen or fourteen years old he knew mor'n I and his mother and the whole family. He was ready to tell me how not to run the farm, but he couldn't tell me how to run it. He thought he could, and sometimes he did. I told him he'd better keep his opinions to himself.

"Sometimes he'd do things without my knowing it or against my orders. I remember one day I told him to trim an apple tree and be particular to cut off the lower limbs that was hangin' near the ground. What did he do but cut off all the top ones. I didn't give him a lickin' for his disobedience, but I scolded him a lot. Do you know the little cuss' way o' doin' it turned out fine. After that the tree he trimmed give us the biggest and the best apples of any in the orchard. And the best part of it was we didn't have to go up on a long ladder to pick 'em and lose a lot by not bein' able to get at 'em.

"Well, Jim was always doin' som'pin' the wrong way. When a man is runnin' anything he don't want his assistants to tell him how to do it, especially a boy that he has brought up from a baby. Jim was always monkeyin' with the farm machinery, throwin' it out o' gear mostly, though once in awhile he'd make it run even. I told him to let it alone and to let everything alone, but it didn't do any good.

"One time I found a quarter acre o' ground that had always produced well ruined. Nothing came up there that season. Come to find out Jim had been puttin' some kind o' chemicals into it. Jim was about sixteen when he did this, and I concluded to get rid of him. I told him he'd better go out for a hired hand, only I warned him that he'd better not tell the men he worked for how to run their farms and do things as he was told to do 'em.

"About this time his grandmother died and left him her savin's, about $1,200. Instead o' leavin' it to me, as Jim's guardeen, she left it to him to have right off. I think the most incorrigible boys is the favored ones of their mothers, and they certainly are of the gals. Anyway Jim was a favorite of his grandmother, who seemed to think that he knew more than I did.

"Jim went away, and I supposed he was goin' to do as I told him—hire out for a farm hand.

"Meantime while he was gone I wasn't gettin' along very well with the farm. I reckoned the land had been worked out and required to be fertilized. I didn't have the money to do the job as it ought to be done, and I thought that if I didn't spend a lot on it I'd lose what I put into it, so I didn't do anything. I tried to raise such crops as didn't need much fertilizer, but didn't get much of a return.

"Jim was away four years, and all the while I was runnin' down financially. He used to write home once in awhile, but he didn't tell us what he was doin'. But Jim was never a good hand at explainin' things. I've thought since that if when he was a boy he'd have told me somep'n about what he was drivin' at I'd have had more patience with him.

"The only thing Jim did tell us, and he wrote that to his mother the last year he was away, was that he'd got a sweetheart. He said she was the purtiest gal in the world and the best. When his mother told me about it I said I reckoned Jim would have a hard time takin' care of a wife, especially if he was goin' to do things his own way and never take any advice from anybody.

"Well, when I had got so low financially that I had to put a mortgage on my farm Jim come home. He said he'd been to an agricultural college and had come home to help me out.

"'Father,' he said, 'you and all the rest of the old fashioned farmers have been blundering along for ages. The earth and everything in it is a big laboratory, and there's nothing that isn't subject to the laws of science. Do you remember when you told me to trim the apple tree and cut off the lower branches? Well, it occurred to me that that tree was a mighty big climb for the sap; that by the time it got to the top it must be tired out, and that what apples it produced would be small and few. Besides, it would cost more to gather apples grown as high as that than they'd be worth when you got 'em down.

"'And do you remember the ground I put the chemicals in? Well, that was a failure, but when a boy of fourteen begins experimenting he's not likely to succeed without a lot of failures. Sometimes a grown educated scientist will work for years over a problem and fail in the end.

"'When you tired of me and grandmother left me the legacy I determined to use it to learn what there was known about scientific agriculture. I don't claim to have learned any more than is known by others, but I've learned that and it's a good foundation on which to learn more. I'm not going to do much experimenting on my own hook till I have put you on a better basis in your efforts to make money out of the farm.

"'And I must tell you further that there's business in farming as well as anything else. My vacations I've spent clerking in a produce store in a big city. There I've learned certain of some middlemen's methods. I've seen something of how he squeezes the consumer on the one hand and the farmer on the other. I don't want to squeeze either myself, but the more a man knows about squeezing the less likely he is to get squeezed.

"'Now, dad, I'll tell you what we must do. We must take advantage of our opportunities such as they are and turn away from what are not opportunities, no matter how attractive they look. We've got a market handy for such produce as is used on the tables of any and every body. We'll go into table vegetables on a small scale at first, and if we find it pays we'll increase the scale. As soon as we can work it we'll open a store for the sale of our own produce and make the whole profit ourselves. But we can't go too fast; must feel our way and shift our plans as we run up against stone walls.'"

The farmer paused in his narrative, cast a glance over his broad beds of garden truck and concluded:

"There's the result of Jim's work. He didn't do any experimentin' till he'd got the business well goin'. I call it the business because business is a part and a very important part of farmin'.

"I've said that Jim didn't do any experimentin', so he didn't in the regular line of the work on the farm, but he's been doin' it all the while in a small way, and he's found out some things already.

"That mortgage I told you of was paid off in two years, and now there's plenty over for all.

"Jim married his sweetheart and they live in the cottage down yonder. This little Jim"—putting his hand on the boy's head—"is a chip off the old block; he has a will of his own, anyway. There's his dad now."

A sturdy young man of twenty-five or six in overalls came up to us and was introduced by his father. I had some talk with him about his profession, but found him very reticent and could get only a little out of him. Evidently he was a man of deeds instead of words.

I was so pleased with this bit of life's success that I motored that way again and met Jim's mother and his wife. There was an air of prosperity and comfort about all these people and their farm that was very attractive to me, and in time I came to know them all well. During these visits Jim received a high appointment in the United States department of agriculture.

If there is any moral to this story it seems to me it is that a genius is so far out of the beaten track that he is apt to be considered a dunce. In other words, his brain is so absorbed with the generally unknown that it is impossible to fix it on the known.

AMERICAN CHEMISTS.

Some of Their Big Achievements in the Industrial World.

In chemistry, as in other practical matters, Americans have had the wisdom to direct their energies to the special needs and opportunities of their country. For instance, they have built up the greatest sulphuric acid industry in the world. And they have given so much attention to sulphuric acid simply because it is a prime requisite for our superphosphate fertilizers, our petroleum refining, our explosives for blasting and the numerous other substances of which the United States is the leading producer.

Similarly American chemists originated and developed the largest aluminum industry in the world, which supplies us with that lightest of all metals in ever increasing quantities. They built up from its very inception the largest calcium carbide industry, which furnishes us that new chemical for producing acetylene light and which, mixed with oxygen, permits us to weld and cut metals by means of a burning jet of oxyacetylene—an entirely new way of cutting steel—melting it like butter, instead of slowly cutting or sawing it by mechanical devices.

They built up the largest electrolytic soda industry, in which the powerful electrolytic current decomposes common kitchen salt and sets free that greeny gas chlorine as well as caustic soda. The public hardly knew this chlorine gas before its horrible use in compressed, liquefied condition for trench warfare in the asphyxiating gas bombs. Its splendid uses for peace, as a purifier of our drinking water supplies, as an antiseptic and as a bleaching agent were hardly ever spoken of. As to caustic soda, it is the base of soapmaking, of mercerized cotton goods, of soda pulp for our paper supplies, and it has endless other uses in chemical industries.

Our chemists were instrumental in providing us with the largest sulphite cellulose industry, whereby wood is changed into the raw material from which paper is made, and with our immense petroleum refining industry—a succession of chemical treatments and chemical processes. Another American chemical industry is the manufacture of synthetic abrasives, striking improvements over the grinding materials found in nature.

We owe to an American chemist the production of artificial graphite, one of the very essentials of the electrochemical enterprises in which the United States is a pioneer as well as a pacemaker, for graphite "electrodes" and graphite "leaders" are the very entrance doors through which the electric current flows into electric furnaces or electrolyzers whenever the use of metals is impossible.—L. H. Baekeland in Harper's Magazine.

THE UMBRELLA AN ILLUSION?

Well, How About the Millinery and Straw Hats It Saves?

The psychology of the umbrella is worth studying. It does not really, of course, protect the individual from the rain. It does little more than shelter his head. The rain strikes his legs and his body just the same. But it saves the rain from striking one's face, which is disagreeable. It gives a certain illusion of shelter and thus shelters the psychology more than it does the body.

We now have waterproofed clothing, which is a much more effective protection than the umbrella, but people go on buying and using umbrellas just the same. Their bodies do not really need them, but their minds have become accustomed to them. Meanwhile letter carriers and policemen go without them and do not seem to get any wetter than other people do.

It is probable that a colored umbrella protects a woman's psychology in a rainstorm better than a black umbrella would. Having chosen the color in accordance with fashion and her own taste in tints, she has, as it were, a canopy of consciousness over her, affording her a fine protection. On the other hand, a black umbrella is a better protection for a man's psychology than a colored one would be. A red umbrella over the average man, now, would seem to him to gather all the raindrops from the Hoosac range to Mount Desert and precipitate them upon his egregious head.—Boston Transcript.

Future Melting Pot of the World.

Argentina bids fair to be the future melting pot of the world. Of her 6,000,000 people more than half are foreign born. During her history she has received over a million Italian immigrants, a half million Spaniards, a sixth of a million French and a quarter million in other nationalities. Buenos Aires is the most cosmopolitan city in the world, not even excepting New York.—Dan Ward in World Outlook.

Fancy Gardening.

It is a fancy of Chinese gardeners to plant statuettes of tiny men firmly in pots, just like real plants, and then to train live evergreens to grow up over these statuettes. The vines thus form a kind of robe for the statuette men, their white faces and hands protruding from out the greenness.—Argonaut.

Oh!

"The little son of the hostess is mighty ugly, isn't he?"

"Do you think so?"

"He certainly doesn't take after his mother. Must look like his father."

"His mother says he does. I'm his father."—Houston Post.

Cheap Enough.

"Oh, John, the baby has swallowed a dime!"

"Well, this diet isn't expensive, as food goes, but I doubt if it's nourishing."—Boston Transcript.

Her Own Detective

A Girl Suspect Clears Herself

By ELINOR MARSH

We were a "bunch" of a dozen boys and girls, averaging in age perhaps seventeen years. We were young enough to get up parties on the principle of "Dutch treat" and not old enough for a boy to feel that if he asked one of the girls to go to an amusement he must hire a carriage for the purpose of taking her. We had informal dances in each other's houses and each boy was detailed, as they say in the army, to escort a particular girl to the dance. In this way all the girls were transported without doubling up.

All went well, and we were having a merry time when Roy Stivers, one of the boys who had gone sweet on a girl outside the set, insisted on introducing her among us. We girls were not pleased at the introduction of one we knew nothing about, but we yielded gracefully, and I consented to Roy bringing her to a dance that was to come off at my house.

It is marvelous how a nice, well bred boy will go daft on a girl entirely out of his sphere and in every way beneath him. The moment we girls saw Roy's friend, Sarah Stearns, we knew that a firebrand had been introduced among us. But it is easier to let a person into a social clique than to get him or her out. Roy was one of our nicest fellows, and we did not wish to offend him. Sarah Stearns was not invited again to any of our little dances, but Roy asked her to go with him on excursions, theater parties and the like. He was the only son of a widow who gave him all the money he wished and, among other luxuries, a splendid motorcar. He was accustomed to take us all out in it between dances when we were holding our informal parties, and also took us on longer rides. Of course we could not object to his inviting Sarah to go on excursions in his car, and while so engaged we endeavored to treat her civilly.

Just before the spring opened Roy invited us all to go to his mother's country place for a week end. Of course Sarah Stearns would be of the party, Roy being at liberty to invite whom he pleased to his own home. Two-thirds of our "bunch" accepted, and Roy took us to our destination in his car. The others would not go on account of Sarah Stearns being of the party.

I wished very much to enjoy the fun, but Eleanor Trevor was my particular girl chum, and she was one who intended to stay away. I persuaded her to go, however, since my pleasure depended on her doing so.

Roy's mother acted as chaperon and did all in her power to make our stay in her house enjoyable. One evening we were dancing when all of a sudden the electric lights ceased to glow, and we were left in total darkness. My friend Eleanor was dancing with Charlie Hunt at the time. Charlie, like Roy, was given everything he wanted, and among other things he possessed was a valuable gold watch. Soon after the lights were extinguished there was a tug at his watch chain and, feeling for it, he found it broken. His watch was gone. He was dancing with Eleanor when the darkness came, and of course they ceased to whirl and disengaged themselves. Five minutes later, when the lights continued to glow, they were still standing near each other.

Charlie, not wishing to mar our festivities, said nothing at the time about the loss of the watch, but the matter soon leaked out. An unpleasant feature of the matter was that he was dancing with Eleanor when the lights went out, and the logical inference was that she had relieved him of it. Nevertheless, none of us believed anything of the kind.

Our host was very much troubled. It was evident that there was a thief among us. So far as circumstantial evidence was concerned it pointed to Eleanor Trevor. She knew nothing about Charlie's loss or the position in which she stood until I told her. She was not a person to cringe under such circumstances. With woman's intuition she at once spotted Sarah Stearns as being at the bottom of the trouble. She did not believe that Sarah had stolen the watch for the watch itself, but that she might inculpate Eleanor. Eleanor's theory was that Sarah had seen her dancing with Charlie when the lights had gone out and an opportunity had appeared to her of punishing the girl who she knew was in favor of ostracizing her from our set.

But Eleanor told no one except me of her suspicion, and I confess it seemed to me rather farfetched, though I did not say this to Eleanor.

"I've got a detective problem on my hands," said Eleanor to me, "and I'm especially interested in working it out. I wish you would give me the cold shoulder and ask the other girls to do the same."

"Why so?" I asked. "There's not one of us that believes for a moment that you are a thief."

"It will put Sarah Stearns off her guard and give me a better chance. If she took the watch—and I am sure she did—she must get rid of it. I'll take all possible pains to see that she doesn't send it away. I shall keep an eye on her all the while and note everything she does."

"I will aid you in that," I said.

The incident occurred on Saturday evening. All day Sunday either Eleanor or I kept watch on Sarah. Sunday afternoon she started with a letter in her hand for the postoffice. I told her that I had written a letter that I wished mailed. She offered to mail it for me. I went to my room for it, and when I came down had my hat and coat on and told her that I would go with her. To that she assented with at least apparent willingness. Whether or no she was going to get rid of the watch, she had no chance to do so, for I did not let her out of my sight for a moment.

Eleanor interfered with her going out later in the evening to take the air on the porch. We all went to bed early, or at least to our rooms. We girls were roomed on the second floor, and each was given a room to herself. Eleanor was in my room till 11 o'clock. She said she expected to be up all night to see that Sarah Stearns did not get rid of the watch, and her watch would not commence till all in the house were supposed to be asleep.

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"I'm going to stay in the hall."

"Go to bed," I urged. "None of us believes that you are a thief. Besides, you are acting on a theory. You will lose your sleep for nothing."

"I have more chance of success than you think," she said. "Charlie has been very nice to me and has told me certain things about the watch that it is well for me to know."

"Then he knows you are hunting for it?"

"No, what he told me was said casually. But he does not believe I robbed him. At least he says he doesn't."

"But I don't see how any mark on the watch can do you any good except to identify it when you have got it, and you will have to get it before you can identify it."

Eleanor made no reply to this. She simply kissed me good night and went to her room. I was a long while getting to sleep, but when I did I slept till 4 o'clock in the morning, when I was awakened by her. She told me that she had been awake all night and asked me to get up and continue the watch that she might get some sleep. I did as she asked, but it was evident that she had failed, and I believed she was on a wild goose chase.

She was up for an 8 o'clock breakfast and looked quite fresh, considering that she had gone to bed so late. During the day I helped her occasionally in her vigil and again prevented Sarah Stearns from going out alone. This time I could see that she suspected me, though she concealed the fact quite well.

"The party is to break up tomorrow," said Eleanor to me. "We were only invited till Tuesday morning. Either I must get that watch tonight or remain smirched for the rest of my life."

I assured her that she was not nor ever would be smirched by any one of us, to which she replied that Sarah Stearns would spread the matter abroad in a way that could not be countered.

Roy took us to drive during the afternoon. Eleanor feigned a headache and remained at home. She charged me to keep my eyes upon Sarah Stearns every moment. I suggested to Eleanor that she was remaining at home that she might search for the missing watch, but she said that would be useless, for if Sarah had left it she had undoubtedly hidden it in a safe place, but she believed Sarah had it with her, and Eleanor relied on me to see that she did not get rid of it during the ride. I did my work, but without results.

That night, when Eleanor and I went to our rooms, as we passed Sarah Stearns' room I saw Eleanor look up at the transom. Then she went with me into my room and took from my closet a bamboo stick with a hook on one end and carried it away to her room. Just before 3 in the morning she came into my room and, holding her watch to my ear, asked me if I could hear it tick. I told her that I could hear it very distinctly. She removed it farther and farther from me, with each removal asking me if I could still hear it tick. When she had taken it some four or five yards from me I could still hear it.

"That will do," she said. "Your ear is far more keen than mine. It is now a few minutes before 3. Come with me."

She led me by the hand through the darkness to Sarah Stearns' door. Then she took the bamboo stick with the hook on the end and, feeling carefully for the transom by means of the hook, pulled it partly open, accomplishing the work without the slightest sound. This done, she put her arms around my knees and lifted me so that my ear was near the transom. She had held me there perhaps three minutes when I heard what sounded like a far distant chime faintly strike the hour of 3.

"Put me down," I whispered to Eleanor.

"Have you heard anything?" asked Eleanor.

"Yes; a chime."

She lowered me to the floor and, throwing her arms around my neck, gave me a bear hug.

"Now go and awaken some of the girls and bring them here," she said.

I did her bidding and collected every girl in the hall. Then Eleanor turned on the electric light and knocked gently on Sarah's door.

The door was unlocked, and we all went into the room. Eleanor went to the bed and from under a pillow took out the lost watch.

There was a chime strike in it, and Eleanor, knowing this, had based her operations on hearing it. But since the watch was under a pillow no one except with the keenest sense of hearing would have detected it.

The matter was hushed up on Roy's account, but we were no longer troubled with Miss Stearns.

UNDERSEA TACTICS

The Scene In a Submarine When an Attack Is Planned.

WATCHING FOR THE SIGNAL.

A Dramatic Moment After the Enemy Is Located Until the Range Is Found and the Red Lights Flash the Order to Fire the Deadly Torpedoes.

A submarine is a maze of machinery. Unlike any other ship, she has two sets of driving engines—one oil and the other electric—and she is built with the nicest regard for weight.

First let us say something about the engines. They are the most important part of the boat.

At first gasoline engines, like those used on automobiles and motorboats, were installed in submarines. The Germans had them in some of the submarines that they used in the beginning of the war. We, too, used them. But as the gasoline engine was made bigger to meet the demand for increased power and speed it literally broke down. The Diesel engine had to be used. It was invented by Rudolf Diesel, a German engineer, while he was a student.

In the Diesel engine air is sucked into the cylinder and subjected to such pressure by the piston that it becomes intensely hot. Then a little oil is squirted in. At once the oil vapor ignites and the mixture of oil vapor and highly compressed air expands with explosive suddenness. The Diesel is the most efficient type of engine ever invented, utilizing as it does about 30 per cent of the energy in the fuel as contrasted with only 13 per cent in the best steam engines. But it also uses air. In other words, it breathes. When a submarine is under water the crew must keep alive by breathing what air they can obtain from tanks. They have enough for not more than thirty-six hours.

So it becomes necessary to equip a submarine with electric motors fed by storage batteries. As soon as a submarine dives the breathing Diesel engine is cut out and the electric motor switched in.

Like the policeman's in Gilbert's song, the life of a submarine sailorman is not a happy one. The quarters are necessarily so cramped that it is difficult to provide ordinary ship comforts. The officers have cots and the crew hammocks for sleeping. In our new boats iceboxes are provided, so that fresh meat and vegetables can be served. In addition, there is a dry food supply sufficient for five days. At sea the crew is put on a daily fresh water allowance. To bathe the men must jump over the side.

Even when the boat is running on the surface the ventilation is poor. The proprietor of a New York sweatshop who did not provide his workmen with any more air than the men in a submarine breathe would be arrested. When the boat is submerged the nauseating oil odor, the battery fumes and the vitiated air exhaled from a score of lungs make one wonder why every one is not sick. As a matter of fact, seasickness produced by these conditions is common enough.

What is the scene within a submarine when an attack is made? A German officer of the U-26 gave this account of an attack on an unnamed British warship:

"The boat is cleared for action. The flagpole is taken down. Part of the bridge is folded up and lashed. The periscope is elevated. The hatch through the combined bridge and conning tower is tightly closed. The motors cease their endless song. From now on electricity will drive us until we rise to the surface again.

"A young lieutenant is posted at the periscope and looks for the enemy. The sailors take their position near the torpedoes. The interior of the boat is lighted with two small electric bulbs. They do not clear the gloom. Everywhere is the smell of stale oil. It is impossible to speak with the din of the machinery and of the inrushing water.

"From time to time the officer in command of the torpedoes looks at his watch, which he wears on his wrist, or at the compass. Intently the men all watch a signal board in front of them on the side of the boat. Suddenly we start to forget the heat, the foul air, the discomfort. In small luminous letters the word 'Attention' flashes up on the board. The commanding officer grasps the lever which will release the first torpedo. The men prepare to launch the second as soon as the first is discharged. Half a second later and the red letters on the board say 'Fire!' The lever is jerked, and the torpedo leaps out. There is a short metallic click and the noise of the water rushing into the empty tube. The second torpedo is at once inserted. A few seconds later and the interior of the submarine looks as before the attack began.

"But what of the first torpedo? We hear only the noise of the motors. We wait. Nothing happens. Then suddenly we are all thrown in a heap by the shaking of the boat. Then the boat rolls as before. The regular purring of the motors is heard. We are on our way home. The attack succeeded."—Popular Science Monthly.

His Worst Fears.

Flubdub—Why do you watch young Gotrox so closely? Are you afraid he is going to elope with your daughter? Poore—No; I'm afraid he isn't.—Life.

Scatter sunshine; make days brighter and burdens lighter.

Beauty.

A poetess asks, "Oh, where does beauty linger?" We think that we are breaking no confidence when we reply that in these artistic times it generally lingers on the toilet table until the girl puts it on with a brush and a powder puff.—London Tit-Bits.

The Psaltery.

Among the instruments of the band which played before Nebuchadnezzar's golden image on the plains of Dura was the psaltery, a stringed instrument (Daniel iii, 5, 10, 15).

Preparedness.

Visitor—Have your employees had any experience in military training? Employer—Well, most of them have been soldiering on the job for years.—Puck.

CARE OF THE HOME GARDEN.

How to Get Good Results With Either Flowers or Vegetables.

Never permit the surface of the soil in the garden to form a crust. Constant stirring with hand tools or a wheel cultivator should be practiced between the rows and about the plants. This permits air to penetrate the soil, where it facilitates chemical action and bacterial activity, destroys weeds which would utilize large amounts of plant food that the cultivated plants require, and finally it conserves the moisture supply. The hoe and the rake are most generally used for this purpose. This advice applies with equal force to both the flower and vegetable gardens.

Where plants are grown closely in the rows it will be necessary to weed between the plants by hand. Small implements are made for this purpose and are sold at a trifling price.

Cultivating should be done after every rain, but not until the water has drained off and the soil is in workable condition. Working in muddy soil will cause it to form a cement-like mass, in which plant food will be securely locked, and the plants will suffer because it is not released for their support.

As soon as the excess moisture has run off or soaked in or partially evaporated, cultivation should be given to prevent the crust which otherwise will form. A crust formed on the surface of the soil restricts the plants, causes excess evaporation and the loss of moisture required by the plants and prevents access of air.

During dry spells, if the plants give evidence of suffering for the lack of moisture, water should, if possible, be supplied artificially. The usual method in small gardens is sprinkling with a hose. Late in the afternoon is the best time to sprinkle, when a thorough wetting should be given. Small furrows can be opened between the rows of plants and water turned into these ditches from the hose. After the water has soaked in draw the earth back in place.—New York Sun.

The Last Word.

"Your better half likes the last word, doesn't she?" questioned the confidential friend.

"I don't think so," rejoined the other. "Anyway, she is always remarkably reluctant about reaching it."—Philadelphia Record.

A healthy man is a king in his own right; an unhealthy man an unhappy slave. For impure blood and sluggish liver, use Burdock Blood Bitters. On the market 35 years. $1.00 a bottle.

Read The Bellefonte Republican $1.50 in advance.

SEVEN BARKS

a Sure and Safe Remedy for

DYSPEPSIA and all STOMACH TROUBLES.

Seven Barks, which is the extract of Roots and Herbs, will make your food digest, banish Headaches, regulate your Liver and Kidneys, give you new life, and keep you well. Price 50 cts. a bottle at all druggists or from the proprietor,

Lyman Brown, 68 Murray St., New York City.

The Main Thing About

FIRE INSURANCE

Is carrying a sufficient amoun o really protect your property for after a fire one can only accept the result.

Better see to it that you are fully insured and in a company celebrated for prompt payment of losses; a good reliable company the only kind represented by us.

Also represent The Preferred accident Insurance company of New York, which issues $5,000 ravel Policy at $25.00 per year.

Harry E. Fenlon

Temple Court - - - Bellefonte, Pa

Real Estate Bought and Sold,

RENTS COLLECTED.

RED CROSS WEEK

JUNE 18---JUNE 25.

Mr. H. P. Davidson, who was put in charge of the American Red Cross by President Wilson, will raise one hundred million dollars for this great work. Let us do our share in Centre County.

Every cent you give will help in the stupendous task the society has undertaken. Send a contribution, no matter how small, to CHAS. M. McCURDY, Treasurer.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

BELLEFONTE, PA.

$3.25 ROUND TRIP

SPECIAL

SUNDAY

EXCURSION

NIAGARA FALLS

The Scenic Wonder of the World

SUNDAY, JUNE 24

THE TRIP OF A LIFETIME

See the world-famous Niagara, the American and Horseshoe Falls, the rapids above the whirlpool below; the Three Sister Islands, Goat Island, Luna Island, Prospect Park; on the American side, and Victoria Park, on the Canadian side, both free to the public; with a chance to take a ride on "The Great Gorge Route" or cross the border to a Foreign Land.

$3.00 ROUND TRIP Buffalo

The Gateway to the Great Lakes.

SPECIAL THROUGH TRAIN, Without Change of Cars, LEAVES

Saturday, June 23		Saturday, June 23		Saturday, June 23			
Lewisburg	9.00 p. m.	Rising Springs	10.27 p. m.	Milesburg	11.50 p. m.	Arrive Buffalo	6.55 a. m.
Vicksburg	9.10 p. m.	Centre Hall	10.43 p. m.	Curtin	11.56 p. m.	Arrive Niagara Falls, New York Cent. Lines	8:00 a. m.
Mifflinburg	9.18 p. m.	Linden Hall	10.52 p. m.	Sunday, June 24		RETURNING LEAVES	
Millmont	9.28 p. m.	Oak Hall	10.59 p. m.	Howard	12.06 a. m.	Niagara Falls, New York Cent. Lines	4.55 p. m.
Glen Iron	9.35 p. m.	Lemont	11.05 p. m.	Beech Creek	12.16 a. m.	Buffalo	6.00 p. m.
Coburn	10.12 p. m.	Bellefonte	11.40 p. m.	Mill Hall	12.26 a. m.		

TICKETS ON SALE BEGINNING JUNE 22

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

P. B. CRIDER & SON

Office, Lumber Yard and Planing Mill at Lamb St. Bridge, Bellefonte, Pa. Manufacturer and Dealer in

Western, Southern and Local Lumber.

Of Every Kind and Quality.

Boards, Plank, Timber, Plastering Lath, Flooring, Ceiling, Siding, Frames, Interior Finish, Porch Work, Sash, Doors, Mouldings and Novelties in Wood.

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Call, Write or phone for information

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P. B. CRIDER & SON

Here and There.

Men's work shoes—solid leather low pri . Cohen & Co

Mrs. rank P. Bartl spent Frid with fri nds in Lock Ha n.

Law ce McClure, Renovo, h joined his family in Bellefonte.

Miss Louise Brachbill, of Bellefonte, went to Lock Haven, Friday to visit friends.

Miss Hazel Solt left Saturday afternoon for Patton, where she will spend several days.

Miss Mary Hirlinger, of Philipsburg, who had been visiting Dr. and Mrs. David Dale, has returned home.

Mrs. George Ingram and her sister, Mrs. Mary S. Haines, of Curtin street, spent Saturday with friends at Hunter's Park.

Clarence Hamilton, of New York City, is visiting with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Hamilton, on east Howard street.

Mrs. Joseph Wise, of York, arrived in Bellefonte Friday to attend the funeral of the late James A. Noonan, Saturday morning.

Miss Martha McKnight, of Buffalo Run, is visiting in Lock Haven this week, and also attending State Normal commencement.

Mrs. W. H. Brown and young daughter Mildred left Saturday afternoon for Lewistown, where they are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Best.

Mrs. J. E. LaBarre and little son, Louis, left Saturday for Scranton, where she will visit her parents. She was accompanied by Miss Myrtle Miller.

Mrs. C. D. Tanner, of Bellefonte, became suddenly ill Sunday from a billious attack. Her condition was rather serious at first but she has been improving.

Charles L. Gates, Ella Gates and Miss Winifred Gates, of Bellefonte, attended the funeral of Mrs. Darius Blair which was held in Tyrone Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. John McCormick, of State College, spent part of Saturday in Bellefonte as the guest of her sister, Mrs. Margaret Hutchinson, on east Howard street.

Louis Carpeneto, of Bellefonte, has sold out his fruit stand to his cousins, Joe and James Carpeneto. Ill health is the cause of "Louie" dropping out. He is a good citizen.

Mrs. Joseph Harbold, little daughter and son Gordon, left Bellefonte Saturday for York where they will visit at the home of Mrs. Harbold's mother and Mr. Harbold's relatives.

Sunday morning James H. Potter, of Bellefonte, officiated in the Presbyterian church at Port Matilda, taking the place of the regular minister, Rev. Walter Carson. He made a good impression.

Miss Alice Lowry, who had been a member of the camping party at the Masonic camp near Curtin, left for her home in McKeesport, called there by the sudden illness of her mother, Mrs. Henry Lowry.

Did you take notice to that new Packard car owned by Col. J. L. Spangler? Well, it is one of the nicest that comes down the pike. It is large and roomy and just the thing with which to aid in enjoying life.

"Peck" Bryan has kicked off the printer's ink from his shoes by leaving the Centre Democrat and taking a position with Cohen & Co., as manager of the graphophone department. He has been making a specialty of repairing talking machines and ought to make a good man for the place.

Next Sabbath morning the annual Children's Day services will be held in the Presbyterian church. James R. Hughes, the worthy superintendent, and his co-workers, have arranged for a patriotic service which will correspond with the great war issues of the day. Everybody will be cordially invited. The pews are free and those who go will receive a cordial welcome.

Friday Mrs. John Olewine, her son Harris, and her sister, Mrs Robert Reed, of Champaign, Ill., arrived in Bellefonte. It is expected that later in the summer Mr. Reed will join his family here. He is now at the Great Lakes Camp. Harris is here until he gets his summons to join the army and go after the Kaiser. We are going to get him too, and young men like Harris will bring him across.

St. John's Church (Episcopal). Services beginning June 24th: Sunday, festival of the Nativity of St. John Baptist, 8 a. m. Holy Eucharist. 10 a. m. Church School. 11 a. m. Mattins, and sermon, "The Forerunner of Our Lord." 7 30 p. m. Evensong, and sermon, "The Saints of God." Friday, St. Peter's Day, 10 a. m. Holy Eucharist. 7.30 p. m. Evensong and address. Visitors always welcome. Rev. M. DeP. Maynard, rector.

Elliott Morris, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Morris, better known to his friends in Bellefonte as "Bud" Morris, leaves today for New York City, where with nineteen other young men he will sail for France. He belongs to what is known as the Lafayette Aviation corps organized by Pierre Boal, son of Captain Theodore Boal, of Boalsburg. "Bud" has been in training for the aeroplane and has some experience along this line. It is to be hoped that he will be a factor in bringing the Kaiser to his senses as the airship is going to play an important part in bringing the bloody war to a close.

Miss Belle Confer, of this place, spent Sunday with relatives in Howard.

Mrs. W. G Runkle and baby left Friday to visit at the home of her parents in Shamokin.

Mrs. Harry Murtorff and daughter, of Bellefonte, spent the Sabbath with friends at State College.

Men's suits at $10, $12.50, $15 and $17. At each price they are the best values obtainable. Cohen & Co.

Mrs. W. L. Daggett, returned Monday afternoon from Elmira, N. Y., where she had been visiting friends.

Mrs. Harry Otto and two children, of Johnstown, are visiting in Bellefonte at the home of her mother, Mrs. Jerry Nolan, on Thomas street.

Mrs. Frank Zeigler and daughter Dorothy, of Altoona, are visiting the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Wolf, on south Spring street.

Edward Osmer, of Bellefonte, left Monday morning for Snow Shoe where he is assisting Frank Deitrich in painting the Washington House.

Miss Edric Walker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Miles Walker, left Bellefonte Wednesday for Harrisburg to visit Mr. and Mrs. J. Patterson Cox.

Amos Garbrick, Herman Miller and Emanuel Noll, of Bellefonte, were in Johnstown the fore part of this week attending the G. A. R. State Encampment.

Walter McCullough, one of the handy, dandy men in the state road department, in Bellefonte spent Sunday in Clearfield with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George McCullough.

Dr. Edith Schad returned to Bellefonte Monday afternoon from Oxford, Ohio. She was accompanied by her daughter Mary, who graduated from a college in that place

Oliver E. Witmer came down from Altoona last Friday and on Saturday with his parents and sister motored to DuBois where they visited relatives over Sunday, returning home Monday.

Mrs. Jacob Brooks, of Clarence, left for New York, to attend the funeral of her sister, Mrs. H. Miller. She was also a sister of Abe Robinson, of Curwensville, and Isaac Robinson, of Altoona.

Dr. R. W. Alexander, of Lewistown, arrived in Bellefonte Monday afternoon. He is a member of the G. A. R., and is quite well known here and throughout the county. He is a medicine man and takes great delight in going through the country.

Mrs. Roy Brandon, of Youngstown, Ohio, spent several days in Bellefonte as the guest of Miss Jean Aikens. It will be remembered that her husband was agent for the Oliver typewriter and for a year or more made his headquarters in Bellefonte.

Saturday afternoon S. A. McQuistion, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Mary left Bellefonte for Sunbury to spend several days with Mr. McQuistion's nieces, Mrs. Keefer and Mrs. Smith. Mr. McQuistion is well up in years but he expects to have a good time.

Alice Lowry, Mary Hicklen, Mary Ray, Rachel and Sarah Shuey, Earl Orr, Ivan Walker, Fred Witmer, of Bellefonte; Linn Daugherty, of State College, and Mr. Behers, of Moundsville, Virginia, compose a party who are now holding forth at the Masonic Camp, near Curtin.

William Wasson, who had been visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Wasson, of Bellefonte, left Tuesday morning for Syracuse, N. Y. He is a member of Co. E, 3rd N. Y. Infantry, and had been here on a four days furlough. His regiment has been ordered to be in readiness to cross the big pond.

James Derr, Jr., who for several years has been an instructor in an institution for the blind at Austin, Texas, arrived in Bellefonte Monday afternoon to spend his summer vacation. He has been very successful in teaching the blind many things that will be of great benefit to them as they go through life handicapped for the want of sight.

Mrs. Herbert Bellringer and her children, of Jamaica, N. Y., who had been in Bellefonte attending the funeral of her brother, John M. Sourbeck, left for home Wednesday morning. She was accompanied by Miss Dorothy Sourbeck, the oldest daughter of the deceased, who will be given a home in the Bellringer family. Three of the other children will be educated in the school at Cresson.

Orvis Keller, son of attorney Harry Keller, of Bellefonte, returned from Frankford Arsenal, at Bridesburg, Pa., where he underwent a physical examination for admittance to the Ordnance Officers' Reserve Corps. His application is in for a captaincy but just where he will be placed is a matter for the future to determine. He has had training along this line and he could hold a position of that kind that would do credit to the American army.

Four years ago on Tuesday William Seig and Joseph Harbold came to Bellefonte with the intentions of starting an automobile factory here. Their intentions were good but they were betrayed and thus they were compelled to secure something else. At that time the machine shops were standing idle and there was nothing doing at the rolling mill at McCoy and Linn's iron furnace. These gentlemen, with the aid of some of our local capitalists, started the foundry and machine shops and built the Titan Metal plant both of which are employing quite a number of men.

Dan Clemson is again on the job at Green's drug storer.

Bonds, beans and bullets will put the Kaiser out of business.

Miss Violet MacLeod, of west High street, is visiting with friends in Liverpool, Pa.

Miss Elizabeth Gamble left Bellefonte Tuesday to visit friends in Williamsport and Jersey Shore.

Attorney George W. Zeigler, of Philipsburg, transacted legal business in Bellefonte Monday.

Edmund Grauer, son of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Grauer, is visiting with relatives in Philadelphia.

Capt. W. H. Fry, of Pine Grove Mills, is attending the G. A. R. encampment at Johnstown this week.

Miss Margaret Noonan left Bellefonte Monday morning for Scranton, Pa., where she has again taken up her studies in the Marywood college.

Don't pay high prices for your groceries. Save money and buy here. Large loaves of fresh bread daily. The usual 12c size for 9c. Cohen &. Co.

It is predicted that inside of the next month eggs will be selling in Bellefonte for 15 cents a dozen. Let's hope that the prophecy is fulfilled to the letter.

Luther Erlenmeyer and wife, J. E. Erlenmeyer and Miss Mildred Erlenmeyer, of Liverpool, Pa., were Sunday visitors of Rev. and Mrs. MacLeod, on west High street.

Dr. W. K McKinney, pastor of the Bellefonte Presbyterian church, preached two forceful sermons Sabbath morning and evening. The great trouble was that the portion of his congregation who ought to have been there and heard them were taking their ease elsewhere.

Mrs. Alice Showers and son, Fred L. Showers, left Monday for Peabody, Marion Co., Kansas, for a two months visit with Mrs. Showers' sister, Mrs. John J. Noll, and brother Samuel I. Tibbens. On their return will extend their visit to Philadelphia for a month with her daughter, Mrs. Jennie Myers.

Sunday Dr. and Mrs. J. E. Ward, of Bellefonte, entertained Dr. Harry H. Long, and several friends, of Berwick. Monday they, with Dr. Ward, left for Bedford and Gettysburg. After getting on the famous Lincoln Highway they will proceed in their car to Philadelphia where they will attend the annual State Dental Convention.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bassett, of Sparrows Point, Md., spent Sunday in Bellefonte as the guests of Mrs. Bassett's father, Rev. James P. Hughes and family. They both look as if the high cost of living wasn't affecting them very much as their friends here never saw them looking better. They were on their way to Philadelpnia.

Banker Cecil Crafts, of Williamsport, arrived in Bellefonte Sunday afternoon to spend several days with his father, Fred Crafts, the progressive superintendent of the American Lime and Stone Co. The young man is in the West Branch National bank of Williamsport and is making good. From here he goes to Warren, Pa., to join a camping party.

Emmett Brett, son of Robert Brett, formerly prothonotary of Centre County, called on some of his friends in Bellefonte Tuesday. He has not been here for twenty years. He is now located at Seattle, Cal., but since he left here he has been all over the west and up into Alaska. He is looking well and says he is getting along nicely. The family at one time resided in Bellefonte.

E. R. Breisch and daughter, Susan, of Cheyenne, Wyoming, who had been visiting his brother-in-law, David Washburn, in Bellefonte, for about one week, left Saturday after a pleasant visit here. Mr. Breisch is freight agent at Cheyenne for the Union Pacific Railroad and is off on a vacation of two months and stopped off here to spend a little time with "Dave," as he is known here.

Monday Mr. and Mrs G. R. Spigelmyer left Bellefonte for Harrisburg to visit their daughter, Mrs. Willard Hall, and Rev. George Hawes. After visiting there they will return to Sunbury where they will remain for a short time with their daughter, Mrs. Charles Case and family, on leaving there they will bring with them their little grand daughter, Katherine Case, who will spend the summer here.

Charles P. Hewes, of Erie, formerly an attorney in Bellefonte, but who now has a large practice in the Lake city, was in town last week. He was here principally to see his son, Creswell, finish his course at the Bellefonte Academy. Creswell is a fine-looking young man and with the training he received here he has an excellent foundation for a college course. While here he was the guest of his sister, Mrs. Margaret Hutchinson, on Howard street.

Tuesday afternoon we had a pleasant call from Sheriff George Yarnell accompanied by D. C. Lefeaver, of Clearfield, who has charge of the State Highway in that vicinity. Mr. Lefeaver is one of the hustling young men in the employment of the State Road Department and anything he does is done right. He built the State road at State College and for two years Sheriff Yarnell held a position under him. The Sheriff speaks very highly of him and that is another excellent guarantee that our friend from Clearfield is O. K.

Thomas K Morris, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas King Morris, of Pittsburgh, arrived in Bellefonte last Friday, where he expects to spend his summer vacation with his grand-parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. Gray Meek, on west High street.

Miss May Bailor left Bellefonte for her home in Philadelphia Monday morning. She is a teacher in the Bellefonte High school and a young lady who does her work in the school room conscious of the fact that she is laying the foundation in the minds of her pupils that will tell in the future generations.

Tuesday afternoon D. Bates Bell, wife and two daughters, of Beaver, and Miss Anna Mann, of Lewistown, arrived in Bellefonte in Mr. Bell's automobile. They were on their way to DuBois to attend the wedding of a niece of Mr. Bell who is a daughter of Vernon Bell. Miss Mann remained in Bellefonte as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John S. Walker and Miss Jennie McCalmont.

George Freeman, the jolly porter at the Bush House, was practically limping around on one foot Sunday and Monday caused by "Tommy" Lamb, one of the pleasing baggage jugglers, at the P. R. R. station, running a truck over his foot Saturday night. Now if George was closer than ten feet to the truck we don't really see how on earth "Tommy" could have svoided the accident.

Beginning on the first of July some radical changes will be made in the passenger schedule on the Bald Eagle Valley railroad. If rumors are correct the two trains that come to Bellefonte about the noon hour will be eliminated. The Pennsy-Lehigh flyer instead of going through to Lock Haven without a stop, except Bellefonte, will make stops at Port Matilda, Unionville and Howard.

Monday morning there was a large number of friends of Miss Julia Curtin at the train to say farewell to her before departing for San Bernardino, Cal., where she will spend the summer with her brother, Frank Curtin, and wife. Julia is a very fine young lady and she will be greatly missed in the social circle in which she was so popular. As it is with most young ladies, should she see someone out there whom she liked better than herself it probably would be all over. It is to be hoped she will enjoy her visit.

INTER SEAL

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and you will find that every item on your grocery list has been satisfactorily filled, if you deal with this progressive store. We sell only brands of goods which we know will suit you in quality, quanitty, and last but not least—price. Why not tell your neighbor about our values?

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The correct patriotic emblem for your stationery, packages &c. Officially approved.

50	Flags	for	10	cents
200	"	"	30	"
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Always from 100 to 300 head of Horses and Mules of all description for sale at my stable in York, Pa.

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"Not So Bad Being Laid Up"

Cheerful? Why not? Scheduled for a couple of weeks more, but I should worry!

Why, that little old wreck and my smashed leg have brought me a change from the "road"—all the comforts of home—and $200 every four weeks from my ÆTNA ACCIDENT POLICY, together with payment of the surgeon's fee. Not to mention the $25 I'll get every week while I'm lame-ducking in the open air.

Pretty soft, eh? Especially when a fellow works only on commission.

Seriously, all of you boys ought to

ÆTNA-IZE

You're not worrying the banks with deposits any more than I did. And when the accident breaks, your good old Ætna income keeps away the wolf and debts, and makes you independent. No sponging for me!

The cost? Honestly, too small to talk about.

Before the jinx gets 'round to you, better 'phone, write or call today on my agent—

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Bellefonte - Pa.

Cattle Pasture

The Lehigh Valley Coal Co. will open their 5000 acre range on Beech Creek, May 1st, 1917, under the management of a good competent person. Season from May 1st to October 15th.

TERMS: $1.50 per head per season.

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE

Cattle received only on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Persons desiring to pasture cattle should make application by letter or telephone to the

LEHIGH VALLEY COAL CO.

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Strictly Tropical Suits For Men

Genuine Palm Beach Suits in cream white, in dark tan, in stripes and dark oxford mixtures at $7.00 to $10.00.

Breezeweve snits in light and novelty colors in blues, greens and browns. Made in pinch back and regular models at $9.00 to $15.00.

Blue, Green and Brown Sport Coats made of knitted materials at $10.00.

White flannel and striped outing trousers from $4.00. to $8.00.

A Great Showing of These Strictly Outing Clothes in all Sizes.

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